

Gent

FEBRUARY, 1980

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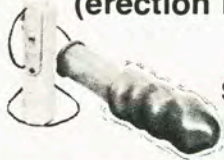
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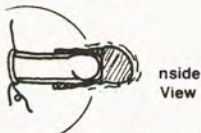
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Gent

VOLUME 21

FEBRUARY, 1980

NUMBER 2



BOBBI (40-24-36)

If you appreciate a fine pair of nipples, catch Bobbi.

p. 29



DOLLY (60-34-46)

A few pounds heavier and a few inches bigger Dolly's back.

p. 45



PAT (42-24-38)

Pat wanted to pose nude, but her husband would never let her.

p. 62



LILA (40-28-38)

A Kansas farm girl made for snuggling up to on cold winter nights.

p. 77

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Douglas Allen, Publisher — John Fox, Editor — John David Hawver, Art Director

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The Mail Slot

A STUPID MISTAKE

Dear Gent:

I would like to say that I very much enjoy your magazine. There is nothing else in the world I love more than (with a few notable exceptions) looking at the

7-G



healthy ladies you publish in your fine publication.

Luscious Lynn in your October '79 issue is a delectable-sweetmeat whom I personally would enjoy munching on.

And your chocolate Bunny, Bunny Jones, makes me want to reaffirm my decision to someday move to Nassau (in the Bahamas, funky Nassau) just so she could melt all over me. SHE IS A STONE FOX!!!

But I am writing not only to compliment you on your foxy ladies, but also to call to your attention a mistake in your October '79 issue. The "halftime" featurette, the one where we were shown some lovelies with giant jugs and we have to find a snatch to match, has a mistake in it. Or rather I believe it is a mistake and would like verification from you.

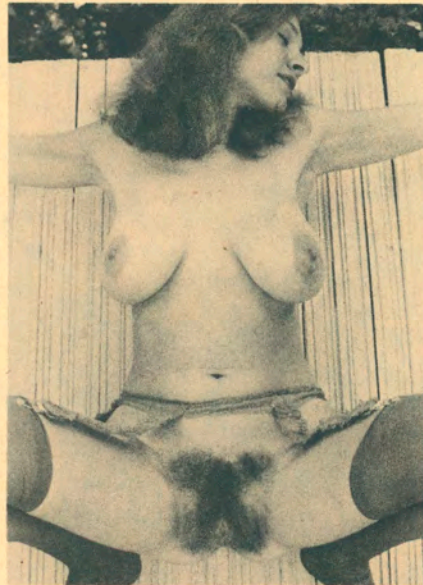
The girl Number 7 (for whom I have great lust) is matched with snatch Letter D. And girl Number 8 is matched with snatch Letter G. Wrongo Keebler! This

Gent

is not right. The true match up should be 7-G and 8-D. If I'm wrong let me know. If I'm right I win ten bucks.

Also, who is the girl pictured as Number 7? I feel she rates a ten on any scale. When was she featured and when will she be featured again? Soon I hope.

8-D



Rosalie & Louis



Pinch Uschi on the ass for me. I think she is a together lady. — Lustfully ours, J.D.N., Texas.

Dear J.D.N.: You and about a half-dozen other readers caught the mistake correctly. Number seven's name is Jane and she is currently featured in '79 GENT ANNUAL.

A COUPLE OF WINNERS

Dear Gent:

You guys finally did it, a layout of a couple getting-it-on. Your shots of Louis and Rosalie on pages 54-57 in the October '79 issue were great!

I especially enjoyed your bra shots of Rosalie on page 54 in which she is shown dressed in an overflowing bra and is also shown coming out of her bra with some help from Louis. Your photos of Rosalie on all fours doggie-style were very arousing as her big tits hung down. You didn't show any shots of Louis sucking and biting Rosalie's big melons, but I'm sure that will come.

Please keep featuring more and more layouts of couples getting-it-on with the guys enjoying the treasures of big titted

The Mail Slot

gals. See if you can get Janette Jordan and a white stud getting-it-on. — J.J., Florida.

GARBAGE TRICKS

Dear Gent:

Straight to the point, your October issue contained a feature titled "Outta Line," depicting the apparent joys and rewards of beating your woman. I couldn't believe what I was seeing! I've been buying *GENT* for six years, and this is the worst garbage I've ever seen. The feature itself was outta line, intolerably so. Wife beating is not pretty in real life, it is more upsetting than satisfying to men who do it, it causes women real pain, it is against the law and it is emphatically *not* sexy. Even skin mags must shoulder a little cultural responsibility. I would hate to stop buying *GENT*, but another trick like that and I damn sure will.

To add exasperation to insult and injury, the model used in that feature is an old favorite and was the finest woman in the issue. I've been waiting to see her again, but look at the way she was wasted. She's one of the sexiest ladies in the business, capable of amazing bra-busting poses. Let's see her coming



Our thanks go out to one of our readers for these photos of his wife. He sent them in with a note wondering if we'd be interested in publishing them and we said "sure" because the lady had some pendulous tits which we thought deserved a look. And besides, it's always nice seeing how our readers make out in the marriage department. Judging from these pix, this one did all right for himself.



The Mail Slot



out of an overloaded bra.

I'm glad you're featuring various photos of Uschi Digart as an opener to her column. Your photo of her on page 10 was super, but how about publishing a sequence of shots of her working over a typewriter — being sure to show her big tits hitting the keys?

I enjoyed your layout of Rita on pp. 16-19, as her tits are big and firm. But mainly your couple layout of Louis and Rosalie on pp. 54-57 was superb! — Name Withheld.

LOTS OF MEAT

Dear Gent:

I remember that your magazine used to have lots of pictures of *big heavy set* girls with huge tits, big thighs and big broad *asses*. Then they disappeared. What happened to all that heaven? Let's have lots of pictures of Bonnie Lee and others like her. I love a *lot* of meat — all over — C., California.

on with pleasure in herself, not grimacing with pain.

Then on page 95 came the last straw — a picture of Bonnie Lee with the promise of more in the next issue, or was it a threat? Look guys, I'm sure she's a real champ and has a great personality — but don't you think she's just a trifle, er, heavy? Your readers are breast connoisseurs, you can't fool us. Her's aren't breasts they are folds of fat. We know the difference. If you want to please your readers who are into fat, give them Karen who is quite palatable to the rest of us with her lively face and enormous bosoms which are not just layers of blubber. Mainly, get back to doing what we pay you for — bringing us beautiful women doing astonishing things with their sweater stuffers (and how come no sweater shots, by the way?).

Where is the most beautiful of all, Clyda? Where are Faith, Lisa or the astounding blonde Anne Marie from Russ Meyer's latest flick? Instead we get Bonnie Lee. *Great.* — P.B., Vermont.

VARIOUS COMPLIMENTS

Dear Gent:

Since I love bra shots of big titted girls, I fell in love with your cover photo of the GENT October '79 issue. But next time photograph a more buxom model such as Roxanne Brewer busting



Dear C.: If it's extra meat you're after, be sure to catch the layout beginning on page 87.

SOMETHING PERFECT

Dear Gent:

From time to time God slips something perfect in on us. Nilia, in the September '79 issue, is as perfect as anything I have ever seen.

I should know, I am a physician. — Totally Enamored, Wyoming.

SWOLLEN BELLIES

Dear Gent:

As a regular reader of your magazine over the years I have enjoyed greatly the pounds and pounds of pendulous melons displayed in its pages. The August issue featured a pregnant girl which I found very erotic, but the pictorial could have used more pages — standing and side views of her swollen belly would have been ideal. I'm looking forward to more of her in future issues.



Your recent article on fat women struck home, as I only date girls 300 pounds or over. Though trim myself, I have found that larger ladies give more and can be as sexy as their thin sisters. Maybe you will use photos of these big, beautiful girls in coming issues?

Keep up the good work. — G.R., San Diego.

WANT TO TALK ABOUT IT? Send your letters to The Mail Slot, Dugent Publishing Corp., 316 Aragon Ave., Coral Gables, Florida 33134.

Cloakroom Quickie

"I touch her body, feeling her breasts, then down to her ass. Her fleshy rearend cheeks excite me. I squeeze her ass, then slide my hands back up to her breasts. Her nipples harden in my palms..."

DEAR GENT:

A few years ago at a wedding, I saw a woman who truly aroused me. She had fluffy black hair, light grey eyes, and a button nose. When she smiled, her lips curved to one side, showing a slightly chipped tooth. (Her only imperfection.) Her deep purple dress clung to her body and gathered underneath her breasts. And her ass was fleshy. I could see a faint pantyline through her dress.

I wanted to meet her, but for some reason, I couldn't muster the courage to approach her. I left the wedding without ever finding out who she was. But I've never forgotten the woman. Whenever I'm by myself and I feel aroused, I always think of her.

I see her at the wedding just as she was, but this time I get the courage to approach her. We talk and seem to get along pretty well. She's a little shy, but she's also direct and easy going.

I ask her to dance. She follows me like we've danced together all our lives. The more we dance, the more aroused we both get. During one of the slower dances, I hold her closely. I feel her breast pressing against my chest and as we turn, her leg brushes against mine. I want to make love to her. I look into her eyes and clearly see that she's aroused too.

I have to get her alone somewhere. The only place I can think of is the coatroom and I lead her back there. When we walk into it and see the long row of coats, we're both a little flustered, wondering what to do next. But I lead her down an aisle and around a rack of coats where no one can see us.

Then I nudge her toward me and kiss her. When I open my eyes and

look at her, it's exciting to watch her face flush with redness and I kiss her again.

My hand wanders to the cloth buttons down the front of her dress. I unfasten the top button while we're kissing. Then she moves back and begins to unfasten each button herself. With a shy smile, she proudly opens the front of her dress, showing me her beautiful breasts. I like the fact that she's proud of them. Her milky white breasts are so full, they don't begin to fit her bra.

We embrace in a passionate kiss and she grabs at my jacket, then tangles her fingers in my hair. I touch her body, feeling her breasts then down to her ass. Her fleshy rearend cheeks excite me. I squeeze her ass then slide my hands back up to her breasts. Her nipples harden in my palms.

My erection is aching, throbbing. We're both not really seeing anymore, but we're only feeling, touching, wanting to fuck.

I turn around and run my hand up her legs and her ass, putting my fingers inside her panties. Then I lift her dress up and throw it over her back. Her ass cheeks are full and round. I pull her panties down and unzip my pants. All I can think of is getting my cock inside her.

I nudge my cock free from my pants and stroke down on it once, then I rub the head around her fluffy lips and I let the head slide in. She's so greasy, it feels like she sucks me right into her. My cock goes in, right up to the back of her vagina. I pull it back out, rubbing the head over her open lips, then I put it back in again.

I reach around her and cup her breasts with both hands. There's so much flesh, her breasts fall all over

my fingers. I flick the tips of her nipples with my thumbs and she moans. Her fanny wiggles into my pubic area and I look down and see her luscious ass again. It's like having two sets of tits on a woman. One in front and one in back. I start feeling up her ass, then her tits. My hands are all over her.

We move faster. I can't control my arousal. I can't stop climbing. When she touches her clitoris with one hand and reaches behind her and grabs onto my balls with the other, I begin to lose control. I take deep breaths to keep from coming right away. I'm in pain and I have to come so bad, but I want her to have an orgasm. I wet my finger and rub it around her nipple. And that seems to bring her off. She moans and stiffens, then slumps over.

Now I finally come. I thrust at her with a frenzy while she squeezes my balls. With each stroke, she squeezes harder. The faster I thrust, the harder she squeezes and I shoot off. I keep coming. Spasm after spasm. I shudder four, five times, then my body relaxes.

I stay there, slumped over her for a few minutes. I feel her tits and ass, and hug onto her. Then she vanishes.

I think it's amazing that a woman who I've never met could leave such a lasting impression on me. But this woman did.

I thought I'd send you this fantasy because there are a lot of guys out there who've probably done the same thing. See a woman who arouses them, but don't do anything about it. And they're probably fantasizing the same way too. I thought maybe they would feel better knowing that they're not alone.

E.B.—New Mexico

G

**English
Inflation**





We've heard that England is suffering from a very big inflation problem these days. Well, it's obvious that Tammy here, is about as inflated as you can get, but she certainly doesn't appear to be suffering from it. Her lovely, filled to bursting bustline measures a hefty 46 inches and she says she's never had a complaint yet. To be serious though, Tammy says that making a living is getting rough in London and that's why she is planning to come to the U.S. as soon as she can get things lined up. She wants to continue modeling but she says she'd also like to do something else on the side like work as a secretary or a sales girl. She shouldn't have trouble getting a job. Any executive worth his salt would hire Tammy in a minute, whether she could type or not. She'd be a big asset in any office, provided you could keep the office wolves away from her desk. And as for being a sales girl, Tammy looks like she could sell anything to anyone, or at least to any male customer who was halfway normal. Tammy says she'll miss England though because she has made a lot of friends and has a big following in magazines there. "But I've heard that you Americans are very friendly and that I won't have any trouble making lots of friends in the U.S." she says. We may already have a lot of girls in the country, but there's always room for one more D-Copper. Tammy doesn't know whether she'll settle in New York, Los Angeles or Florida, but promised she'd write and let us know. She's anxious to get started on her American career and we're anxious to see more pictures of Tammy.







Working at her home just outside of Los Angeles, Uschi Digard poses for a candid photo while pounding out her next column for GENT. The 5'5" European beauty's column has been appearing since last August and has proven to many of her fans that Uschi is a lot more than a pretty face. Uschi speaks eight foreign languages, is an

accomplished movie producer as well as being the most famous D-cup model of all time. Don't miss her witty and frank advice each month in GENT. Or, if you have a question for Uschi which you would like to see answered in an upcoming issue, write to her per the instructions at the end of this month's column.

ASK USCHI

DEAR USCHI:

I'm crazy about girls with immense tits like you got. The more immenser, the better. I like to put my thing between them, and pump-pump-pump until I squirt to bone dryness.

The only problem is that I have trouble finding girls with tits that big. And little boobies just don't do it for me.

This is important to me, because I don't put my thing anywhere else on a woman. I don't like that squishy part. I just like balloons. So my question is: Where can I find more girls with **BIG-BIG TITTIES**? I need them bad, real bad. And soon.

—Lonely Lenny, Columbus, Ohio

Dear Lonely:

For your particular need, you might try using a technique many local photographers use: Get friendly with a salesgirl at a women's lingerie shop. Large breasted ladies need brassieres.

Thus, smart photogs pay low salaried sales people for leads to the large lunged lovelies.

DEAR USCHI:

Do you know where the word "fuck" originated?

—Steven T., Madison, Wisc.

Dear Steven:

It's from jolly old England, where the four letters — F-U-C-K — were an abbreviation used when a couple was caught fornicating. They were booked For Unlawful Carnal Knowledge—F. U. C. K.

DEAR USCHI:

I have never seen you in any hard core movies or photos. Are there any? Also, I want to know this: Do most women who give head do so because they enjoy it, or because they think their partner enjoys it? Another thing: Do women find it thrilling to have a man come in their mouths, and on their bodies?

—C.C. Baxter, Houston, Texas

Dear C. C.:

No, I have never done any hardcore films, nor stills.

Nor do I intend to. I'm not against it for others; but it's not something I want to do. That's because I value sex itself too much to exploit it, and impersonalize it, in that way.

The easiest way to determine if a woman likes to give head is to judge the way she performs that role. Is she enthusiastic? Does she please? It's easy to tell.

Many women don't like the man to come in their mouths. That's because the semen of many men is not tasty. Depending on their diet, how little or how much they exercise, their overall health, etc.

And as far as coming all over a woman goes — well, that depends on how far he comes. A dribble is no turn-on to anyone. Ah, but a spurting stream... Well, that's a different thing. Yes, girls love to see gushers.

DEAR USCHI:

I notice in a lot of the men's magazines that the labias of the models are often really plumped up. You know what I mean. The lips are puckered. Full and fleshy and juicy. How come this is so? Most of the girls I know don't have pussies that look like that.

—T.F., New Orleans, La.

Dear T. F.:

That's because many models, during a photo session, take a "stroke" break. In other words, they masturbate. Or... Or, they get eaten.

One of the world's most famous publishers, who also happens to be a photographer, is famous for chewing twat while doing a shoot. He doesn't just spend a few hours with the girl, as most picture-takers do. Instead, he plans the job over a period of days. And generally, by at least the third day, the lasses have surrendered to a tongue lube job.

Thus, those gloriously engorged labias.

And you thought it was all work, right?

Gent

DEAR USCHI:

You're probably the greatest model of all time. But can you tell me who some of the other giant jugged legends are?

—Moon, Raleigh, N. C.

Dear Moon:

Love your name. No wonder you're a breast man!

In the Bazoom Hall of Fame, the following will never be forgotten: June Wilkinson, Virginia Bell, Candy Samples, and the late Eve Meyer.

There have been other big busted gals, of course. But many, like Roberta Pedon, posed only briefly, then left the business.

The above, though, are full-blown legends whose ample loveliness, and the length they reigned, make them true unforgettables.



Virginia Bell
Full-Blown Legend

DEAR USCHI:

My old lady won't let me boff her when I've got a cold. Shit! I work in a cold storage warehouse, and I got a goddam fucker cold most of the time, even in the sweaty summer. So don't laugh at this question. But is there any hope soon, in the near future, of curing the common cold?

—Walter T. T., Chicago, Ill.

Dear Walter:

Your prayers may be answered a lot faster than you think. It seems an Israeli team of scientists has

developed a device called the Rhinotherm A1-101.

It's based on research by Dr. Andre Lwoff, winner of the Nobel Prize in physics for 1978. The gizmo, which uses a unique application of steam heat, is expected to go on sale in about 18 months, costing \$200 to \$250.

Until then, I'd suggest you bury your nose in another warm place. You'll save 250 smackers. And look at all the fun you'll have.

HI USCHI DIGARD:

I know you — you are a spy! You awful cheat. I write you letters. You no write me back. I don't like you. I no write no more letters to you. I got another woman now anyway. She better than you. We make love all night all day.

Goodbye. Your ex-boyfriend,

—Cecil, Mancelona, Mi.



Roberta Pedon
Half-Blown Legend

Dear Cecil:

What can I say? You've broken my heart. The other woman must really be something. But then, so are you. Although I'm not sure what.

DEAR USCHI:

I have a very serious problem. My wife and I joined AA several years ago. After about 15 months, I didn't feel I needed it any longer, so I stopped going. My wife, though continues to this day.

And that's the problem. You see,

she's met another man there. And she's been seeing him. I don't think they've gone all the way yet. But I'm pretty sure she's getting close. Just a feeling I have.

But what should I do? If I say anything to her, I'm scared she might walk out. If I don't, though, I might lose her, too. And I don't want to do that. I love her very much. And I think I can handle a small indiscretion, if she has one. But if it develops into a continuing thing, it'll eat me up.

And suggestions?

—R. L. Santa Fe, New Mexico

Dear R. L.:

A couple! First, your problem stems, at least partially, from the fact you dropped out of the Alcoholics Anonymous meetings. Thus, you left her there. On her own. That, of course, was not your intention. But the net result is the same — she feels abandoned.

You must remember that, since she's in the group, she's there because she's got a problem. When you stopped going, although you didn't mean to slight her, she possibly feels that way. She needed your support and backing, and confidence, and you weren't there to supply it. So, naturally, if another man there will give her those things, and bolster her, she's going to respond. Most human beings would.

Thus, I recommend that you rejoin her at the meetings. And encourage her.

Also, you might indicate to her that you're feeling the urge to drink again. And you want her help, and backing. In short, make her feel needed.

Remember, any woman worth having is worth fighting for. Good luck. And go get her.

DEAR USCHI:

I bought my first issue of GENT simply because of the print on the cover — "HOME OF THE D-CUPS" — and being a tit man, I had to buy your great magazine.

As I am getting close to 70-years-old, I have had a fear of prostrate trouble. And hearing where the first thing a doctor will do

is put a catheter up your penis I thought why not do it myself.

So I disinfected a small artist's brush and greased it with Preparation H, and am now able to put seven and a half inches in the eye of my penis with no discomfort, and it has helped me a lot. I have no trouble urinating anymore.

What do you think?

—Old Harry, L. A., Ca.

Dear Harry:

I don't think that's the way Michelangelo started. Or even Toulouse-Lautrec.

DEAREST USCHI:

You are the most gorgeous woman I've ever seen. Looking at your pictures in the magazine made me cream my shorts before I got the magazine home.

I've been fantasizing and pulling my root all week over your pictures. Honestly, Uschi, I would kiss your ass and give up my bank account (\$3,949.52 in savings) just to do it with you once. I'm getting a hard-on just writing this letter to you! Would you please sell me your soiled panties?

—W. O. San Jose, Ca.

Dear W. O.:

Sorry. I don't wear any.

HEY, USCH, HON:

I go with a groovy chick. Really swinging, you know what I mean?

I mean she digs it all. Me. Me and another chick. Just her and two other chicks. Even a bit of bow-wow on occasion.

Only one problem, though. I dig eating. And she digs being et. But it's a mutherfucker to get her off. I

Don't miss "Ask Uschi" in GENT next month, on sale the first week in February. Also, Uschi has asked us to tell you that she cannot send out pictures or answer letters personally, other than in these pages. WRITE TO USCHI at GENT Magazine, 316 Aragon Ave., Suite 209, Coral Gables, Florida.

mean I lick her until my tongue is about to fall off. And my jaw aches like Ali clobbered me.

I've even timed it. How's this? Non-stop, I scarfed her for an hour straight. And that's without even coming up for air.

Now don't get the idea I'm going for the Guinness Book of Records. It's too fatiguing on my fangs for that. I gotta go that long, though, to get her to come.

It's her clit — that's the problem. The slippery little devil is hard to get to. I mean it just doesn't pop out there like the average clit. Hers stays in, hidden.

And when I squeeze it out into the open with my fingertips, it's hard to hold it still long enough, without it sliding back in, to give it the tongue lashing it so badly needs. That's why she has a hard time climaxing.

So what do you suggest? Hey, babe, don't be a wise ass either. I mean don't suggest I get me another bush. Dig?

—Louie the Licker, Waterloo, Iowa

Dear Licker:

No, I won't crack jokes about your girl's crack. You have enough headaches as it is. As well as jaw aches.

She should see a gynecologist. She might have what is known as clitoral adhesion. It's nothing serious, just an inconvenience. And a gynecologist can solve the problem easily. So what are you wasting time for. Get her down there pronto. So you can really get down!

DEAR USCHI:

My girl has fabulous moose tits. I'm talking about monsters. We've been going together now for two weeks. And there's something I'm dying to do. Should I try? I mean I want to walk on her tits.

—Pfc. H. R. R., Ft. L. Wood, Mo.

Dear Private:

Swell. But don't forget to take off your combat boots.

DEAR-DEAR USCHI:

My problem is extreme horniness. Honest. I get so horny I actually sometimes cry. I have 16

inches with a nice big horny hard-on, and huge balls, and a 31 inch waist. I'll do anything when I'm horny.

One time I was with three middle-aged beautiful women, and they had me so horny, they made me give a guy a hand job, lick his balls, and blow him, and I did and I

must admit I enjoyed it all.

Another time I was screwing a woman and the next thing I know I'm blowing her husband at the same time, and I enjoyed that, too. But I'm not a faggot.

Sometimes, too, because I have a 16 inch cock, I try to eat myself. And

I succeed. And it's fun.

Now some people might think I'm queer, or a homo. Or a fruit.

But would you call me a cocksucker?

—J. S., Spokane, Wash.

Dear J.:

Sweetie, I wouldn't call you ...

Brassieres

More than just support garments, bras come in a myriad of styles designed to titillate the male. By Jerome Slaughter

Any reader of this magazine has probably noticed the letters from readers in "The Mail Slot" column requesting the editors to please show more pictures of models wearing brassieres. Judging from all the letters, it would seem that bras are a lot more than just support garments. For many men, they are objects of erotic fascination which, although worn by practically every woman they know, remain undercover and inaccessible and a part of the feminine mystique.

It is only human nature to be curious about something which is never really available for your inspection. Bras are a perfect example. Of course men are interested in them since they are devices used to enhance and otherwise aid the tits we all hold so dear. Natural curiosity is only heightened by the fact that we seldom have the opportunity to view brassieres on the flesh. They are sold from lingerie counters in large department stores and intimate feminine apparel boutiques where most men wouldn't be caught dead. And women normally don't put their brassieres on display — when they get undressed, the bra comes off, and when they get dressed, the bra becomes an undergarment. Though many of the brassieres on the market are actually attractive in their own right, they still are not the sort of thing most gals wear as



outer clothing — not even when relaxing around the house.

Remember the bra burning

craze of the sixties which prompted many conservative-type women to parade around town with their tits juggling and swaying? Spearheaded by feminists under an equality banner — "men don't wear 'em, so we won't wear 'em" — the days of bralessness being fashionable are over except for a few diehards who usually don't have enough tit to need a bra anyway.

One reason women were quick to return to their brassieres was because most well-endowed women found bralessness uncomfortable if not painful, and feared that going braless could permanently stretch supporting ligaments causing the breasts to sag before their time. Even girls with small, firm, pointed breasts who really didn't need bra support picked up their disgarded

HOW TO DETERMINE HER BRA SIZE

Run a tape measure around her ribcage passing just beneath her breasts and take a snug but not tight measurement. Then *add five inches* to this measurement for the correct bra size.

To determine the size of the cup — the true measure of a gal's development — run the tape around her bust at its fullest point. If this measurement equals the first measurement, horrors, she's an A-cup; one inch more than the first measurement, she's a B-cup, two inches more, a C-cup, etc.

Obviously, measurements quoted for the models appearing in GENT are determined by taking the measurement of the bust at its largest point and cup size is determined in the conventional manner. This method better illustrates the difference between huge and extra huge which, when quoting actual bra sizes, is often deceiving.

brassieres to avoid the painful chaffing which occurred when tender nipples rubbed against blouses made of course fabrics.

Needless to say, while you and I enjoyed the visual spectacle of the braless sixties, the multi-million dollar bra business suffered unanticipated and staggering losses as an estimated 40 percent of all American women ceased buying their products. In an effort to lure the ladies back, the industry responded with new brassieres and advertising campaigns aimed at the emancipated women who welcomed the comfort of bra support but demanded something more in step with their new perspective. Foremost they wanted a bra to relieve the pain in their aching jugs, but it would have to be less binding and more provocative and natural than the traditional matronly-looking rigid-cupped bras that stunk of male chauvinism.

One bra design in particular emerged to capture the bulk of the market and is still probably the most popular bra style available. Originally designed by the *Lilly of France* company, it featured wire understays to lift and separate the breasts for maximum cleavage and cups made of a synthetic ultra-thin and semi-transparent material. The thin cup material allows protruding nipples to remain clearly visible for a natural "no bra" appearance yet provides adequate support for most medium-(B- to C-cup) sized women.

Gals with large breasts of the size you see in this magazine can wear the bras described above, but often girls this big need more support than a bra like these can provide — especially if the brassiere is to be worn for an extended period of time. Generally they need bras which resemble the wide-strapped undergarments of yesteryear made of heavier more supportive materials.

Bras are mass produced with the "average" consumer in mind. There are a multitude of styles to choose from if you're average but

if you're a D-cup, the selection falls off drastically. Also, the bigger the woman, the more critical the need for perfect fitting to obtain adequate support. Chesty Morgan and the majority of women with tits in this size class resort to having their brassieres custom-made in order to get a properly fitted bra capable of supporting their enormous breasts and still retain a sexy flair to the styling.

On the other side of the coin, if the woman is under-endowed she can resort to every junior high school girl's bosom buddy — the padded bra. Gone are the days when a padded bra could be spotted from across a room because of its characteristic lumpiness. Like all bras, they have been re-designed and now look natural and smooth even under tight fitting T-shirts.

Everybody has seen the ads for bras with cutout nipples. In the past these were intended for bedroom games but there is a new cutout brassiere on the market made for daily wear. It takes the "no bra" look one step farther while still providing the support of a conventional bra. The recent popularity of jogging has led to the creation of another new bra designed just for female athletes. The jogger's bras (see "Jugstraps, July 1979) stop jogger's jiggle with wide, often crisscrossing, straps and heavy-duty construction throughout. They are not the sort of bra that men find sexy but they can prevent the pain and stretch damage which can accompany wildly bouncing tits.

How large breasted women endured the discomforts of bralessness before their invention is anybody's guess. It is believed that Chinese women have long worn brassiere-type garments for their erotic effect, but the bra wasn't adopted by Western civilization until medieval times when religious teaching demanded modesty and the covering of the female nude. When one sees National Geographic-type photographs of barechested

(Continued on page 82)

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Take Kitten's advice and "Come And Get It" every month in GENT — the number one showcase for the full-bodied, voluptuous females you're into. Each issue we feature a collection of intimate but tastefully photographed layouts unveiling such famous D-cuppers as Kitten (at right) and new prospects as well. But don't take chances. Since we often sell out quickly, we recommend a subscription to make sure you don't miss out on any of the action. You know Kitten's got what you want ... So Come And Get It! Use the coupon below to subscribe.

MAIL TO:
GENT SUBSCRIPTION DEPT.
BOX 31
MOUNT MORRIS, ILLINOIS 61054

I'M COMING, KITTEN! Please find enclosed my check or money order for \$24.00 in U.S.A., \$27.00 in Canada or \$30.00 in other countries for 12 big issues of GENT: home of the D-cups.

Name

Street Address

City, State, Zip

A close-up photograph of a woman with long, wavy brown hair, looking down and to the right. She is wearing a purple lace-trimmed top. Her hands are placed on her chest, with her fingers spread. She is wearing a ring on her left hand. The background is dark and out of focus.

Come And Get It



Hilary's Hills

From the hills of South Carolina comes a gal who'd put most city slickers to shame. If you don't believe that growing up in the country is healthy, take a look at Hilary and her voluptuous body. Did you ever see such a picture of health and unspoiled innocence? All that mountain air and good home cooking helped to contribute to Hilary growing up to be a BIG girl. She's five eight and tops the D-Cup tape at a hefty forty-two. Hilary is a refreshing change from most of our models who have big ideas of becoming stars in Hollywood or on the stage. Hilary says she wants to stay right where she is. "Why should I go to the big city and get my lungs all full of pollution (and that would be a major case of pollution considering the size of her lungs) and get all corrupted by big city ways?" she asks. "My family has lived here for generations and they've all lived a long, long time. My Granny is ninety-five and still going strong. I don't mind being famous and having my picture in a magazine but if anyone wants more, they'll have to come here to the hills." We love Hilary's hills too and don't blame her.





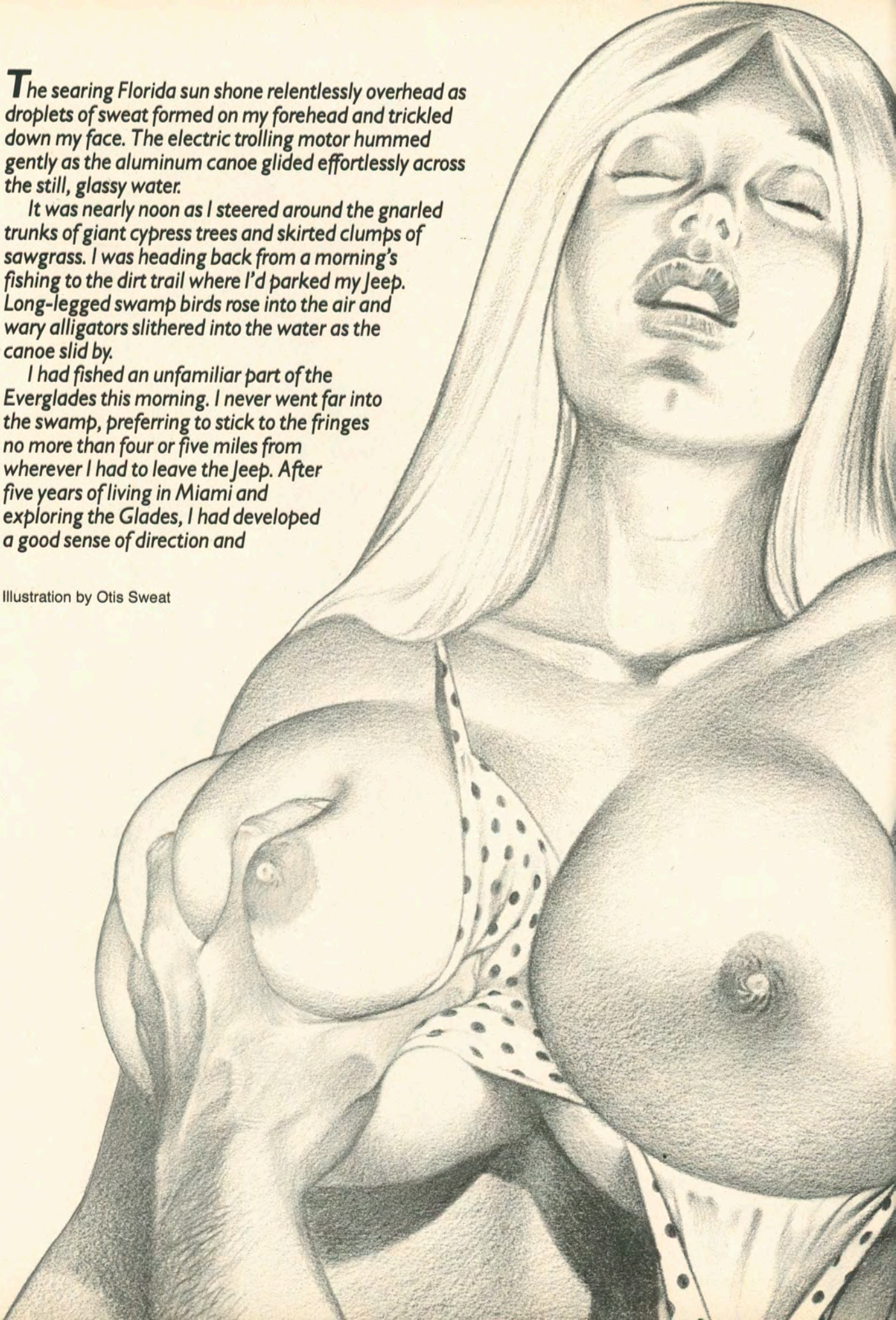


The searing Florida sun shone relentlessly overhead as droplets of sweat formed on my forehead and trickled down my face. The electric trolling motor hummed gently as the aluminum canoe glided effortlessly across the still, glassy water.

It was nearly noon as I steered around the gnarled trunks of giant cypress trees and skirted clumps of sawgrass. I was heading back from a morning's fishing to the dirt trail where I'd parked my Jeep. Long-legged swamp birds rose into the air and wary alligators slithered into the water as the canoe slid by.

I had fished an unfamiliar part of the Everglades this morning. I never went far into the swamp, preferring to stick to the fringes no more than four or five miles from wherever I had to leave the Jeep. After five years of living in Miami and exploring the Glades, I had developed a good sense of direction and

Illustration by Otis Sweat





Swamp Fever

*“Okay, Sue,” Debbie said,
“let’s have Bob decide once
and for all who has the best
set of jugs around here...”*

BY D.B. LOGAN

SWEAT

knowledge of the swamp. However, I had also learned to respect the swamp and its inhabitants, having heard tales of the fates of those who did not.

I was still in a very remote area when I rounded a huge cypress knee and caught sight of a cedar-shake roof off to my left over the grass. I blinked the sweat out of my eyes and looked again. The only houses I had ever seen in the swamp were three stilt shacks occupied by old Indians. These people had remained in the swamp, living as their ancestors had for generations.

This house was obviously new, even though I could see nothing but the roof line. I steered toward it, the canoe making silent ripples on the still surface.

As more came into view, I couldn't believe my eyes! The house was large and expensive, sided with natural cypress and set on concrete pilings. A fancy outboard bass boat was tied up alongside a small pier. Stairs led up from the pier to a wide deck which wrapped all the way around the house. Various sliding glass doors and awning windows were open, indicating someone at home.

I turned off the trolling motor, figuring the less noise the better. Whoever

lived here certainly wouldn't be used to visitors dropping in very often. Using my paddle, I made a wide circle around the structure. No signs of life.

But wait! Almost all the way around I caught a glimpse of flesh on the deck. Someone was sunbathing on a lounge

"I was no more than twenty feet away and could see a thick mane of sun-bleached blonde hair, a sleek tanned back and a plump, round ass."

chair in front of one of the sliding doors. I paddled silently closer to a clump of sawgrass and peered through the blades.

She was lying on her stomach and was totally nude! I was no more than twenty feet away and could see a thick mane of sun-bleached blonde hair, a

sleek tanned back and a plump, round ass. From time to time, she raised her lower legs and wiggled her ankles to stretch her shapely calf muscles.

Finally, she raised her head and looked out over the water. I could have sworn she saw me, but her gaze passed and she gave no indication. She got up on her hands and knees on the lounge and stretched like a cat. Her long, blonde hair fell in her face. She tilted her head back and shook it, making her hair cascade down over her shoulders.

She arched her back and then dropped it, raising her luscious bottom high in the air. My cock began to swell. Her breasts were enormous! They hung down and jiggled as she stretched. She lowered her chest and rubbed her big tits on the lounge, wiggling her charming ass at the same time. I resisted the urge to grab my cock and jerk-off, and just continued to watch.

Next, she stood up and stretched again, this time putting her arms behind her head and mussing her blonde hair with her hands. Her entire body was magnificent! A tiny waist emphasized her bulging chest and curvaceous hips. She turned around and gave me an excellent view of her voluptuous ass. Lowering her arms, she lazily stroked both cheeks with her hands. My cock throbbed.

Reaching down, she picked up something black. It turned out to be her swimsuit ... a tiny string bikini. I watched as she put it on, stepping into the bottom and pulling the strings up over her hip-bones. A tiny patch in front just barely covered her pussy and what little material there was in the back disappeared between the cheeks of her ass.

The elastic top hardly covered her, but was just enough to push her splendid knockers together, creating the most impressive cleavage I had ever seen! She was every bit as sexy in the bikini as she was naked.

She walked to the far corner of the deck and reeled in a fishing line. Her big tits bounced as she walked. Finding the line empty, she cast it back out and began to check another one. Her back was to me and I decided that now was the time to make my presence known. I paddled around to the opposite corner to make it look as though I had just arrived.

"Hello!" I shouted, trying to sound nonchalant.

"Oh! Wow, but you scared me!" she replied, spinning around. "We don't see many people out here. Hello, yourself."

Her voice was soft and inviting and her



"See, I've foregone the expense of orthodontics, silicone implants and costly, provocative wardrobe, and pass the savings onto you."

blue eyes sparkled as she looked me over. She hurried up the deck to where I was and looked down at me, smiling. Her fabulous jugs almost fell completely out of the flimsy top as she leaned over the railing. She paid no attention. Her face was as lovely as her stunning body.

"I was as surprised to see your house as you were to see me," I explained. "I've explored this swamp for years and never seen anything like this. Who else lives here?"

"Just my roommate. We're both commercial artists and this place makes a great studio." She turned her head and called inside, "Debbie! Come out. We have a visitor!"

I couldn't believe what I saw next! Through the doorway appeared an almost carbon-copy of the first girl. Debbie had dark hair and a slightly older face, but the two girls' voluptuous bodies were nearly identical. Debbie also wore a revealing string bikini which showed off her gigantic breasts and lusty hips and ass to full advantage.

"Oh, by the way, my name is Sue," the first girl continued. "And, as you have figured out, this is my roommate, Debbie." Debbie grinned at me as she joined Sue at the railing.

"Hi," she cooed. She leaned over for a better look and, like Sue's, her huge tits tried to break free from the tiny wisp of fabric which held them in.

"Hi, Debbie," I smiled back. "I'm Bob Wilson from Miami," I explained to them both. "I've been fishing all morning and just discovered your house on my way back in." I could feel my joint getting hard again as I watched both pairs of fabulous tits straining against the bikini tops.

"Come on up for a couple 'a beers, Bob," Debbie invited. "Just tie your canoe up to the dock."

I didn't need to be invited twice. In a moment I was up on the deck with both girls, dressed in just my fishing shorts. Considering the girls' attire, I figured that I didn't need a shirt.

Sue looked me up and down and commented, "You've really got a nice build. You must work out a lot."

Before I could answer, Debbie cut in, "Yeah, I'll bet he works out plenty with all those chicks in Miami, don't you, honey?" She took my arm to lead me inside, pressing one big, soft tit against me.

"I do my best," I answered, smiling at her. "I should compliment both of you on your builds. You're both real knockouts."

"We work out a lot, too," Sue explained with a mischievous grin. She put one hand on her charming hip and rolled her luscious bottom suggestively as she preceded Debbie and me through the door.

The inside of the house was as impressive as the outside. There was one

"We make it with each other, if that's what you were wondering," Debbie said, "But Sue's big tits are no substitute for a man."

huge room which included living, dining and kitchen areas. The walls were hung with the girls' artwork and there were easels, paints and paintings in various stages of completion scattered about. Sue opened beers while Debbie showed me around.

"Did you two have this place built?" I asked.

"No," Debbie replied. "We bought it about two years ago from the state. It was built by drug smugglers who needed a base to operate from. The planes dropped their loads in the swamp and the guys who lived here picked it up by boat and took it to where the trucks were waiting. The operation was busted and the state confiscated everything, including this house. It was sold at auction and we bought it.

"You don't have electricity, do you?"

"No, we bring in bottled gas for the stove and hot water. The refrigerator runs off gas, too. Our TV and radio are all battery operated. You'd be surprised how easy it is to get along without electricity. In the winter, we light the fireplace if it gets chilly. We pick up our mail and supplies once a week and get into Miami once every month or two. It works out fine."

"Don't you ever get lonely?" I had to ask.

"Well, we both miss having a man around," Debbie confided. "We make it with each other, if that's what you were wondering, and it's nice. I love to feel Sue's big tits rubbing against mine, but there's no substitute for a big, hard cock, believe me!" She got very close

(Continued on page 28)



"Good idea, but they sound horrible."



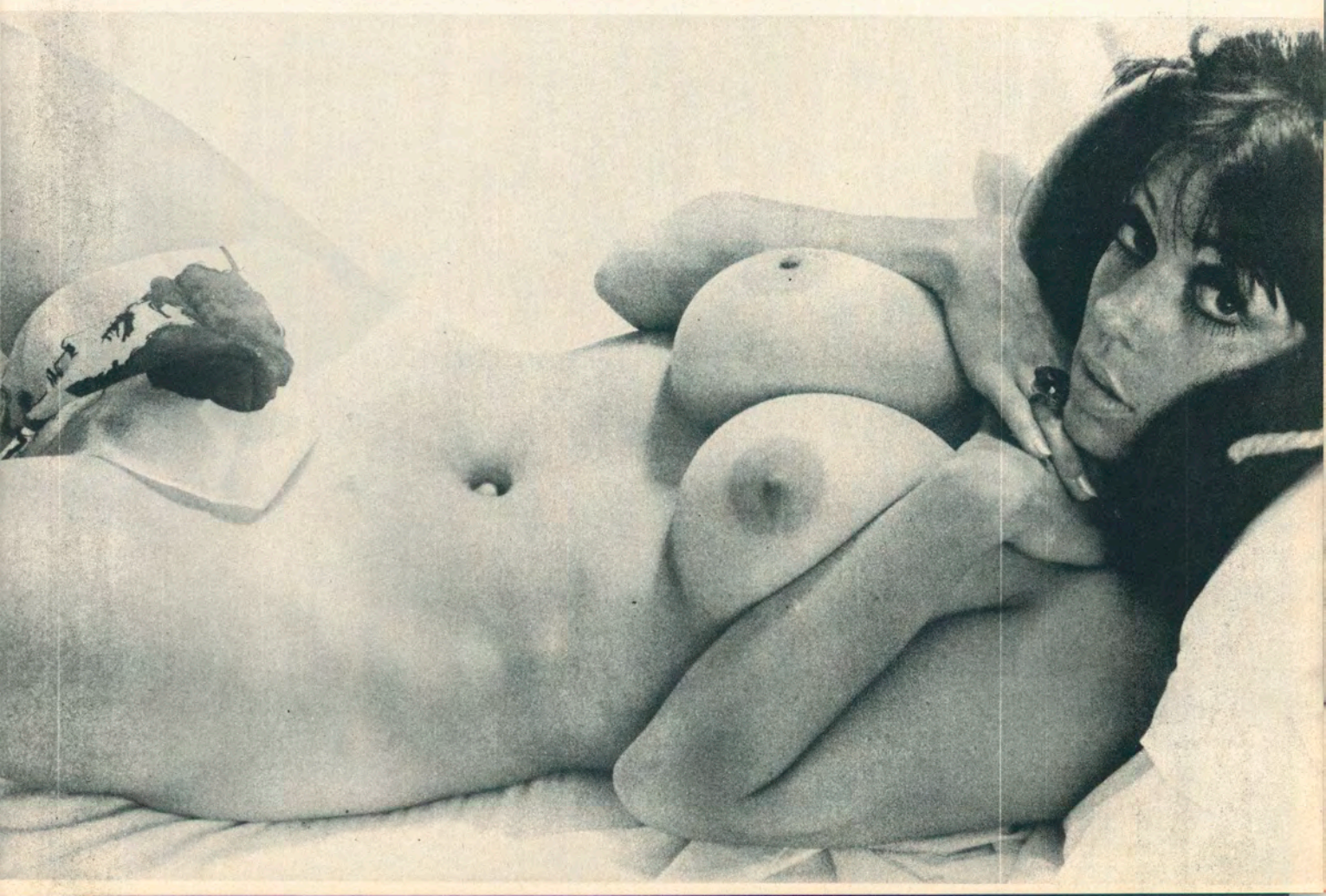
Too Big For Gent?

If you were watching last year's All Star Game at the Kingdome in Seattle on television, then you couldn't have missed that special moment when stripper Morganna Roberts went running out onto the field in her short-shorts and white t-shirt. Blonde hair flying and huge tits bouncing every which way, she ran up to Kansas City Royal's star third baseman George Brett and right there in front of God and a few million television fans, she grabbed George and kissed him right on the mouth . . . and considering the size of Morganna's tits, it was no easy feat for her to get that close. Of course, this publicity stunt got Morganna a lot of attention in the national press and her photo was circulated throughout the land by the wire services. This wasn't the first time Morganna had pulled her





favorite stunt. Any time there's a nationally televised game anywhere within the vicinity where Morganna is appearing, you can count on her to invade the playing field, run up to a player, kiss him a big wet one and then flee as the security forces descend upon her. It's cute, it causes a lot of tittering among the crowd, and it gives the viewers more "jiggly" than they are apt to see in fifty episodes of "Charlie's Angels." And, let's face it, it's pretty cheap national publicity for the definitely un-shy Morganna. In case you've been wondering just who this huge titted gal is, she's one of those *artistes* known in theatrical circles as an "ecdiast" which in more common terms is called a stripper. And a hot number she is! One of our photographers caught her act in Chicago back in September and says that she's a no-holds barred, take it all off, show the fella's where the birdie nests type of performer who shows it all. She really burns up the stage and sings the customer's hair with her wild and enthusiastic strip act. Apparently it's steamy... and just what the troops ordered.





Anway, with all this in mind, GENT decided to pursue Morganna in an effort to feature her in our tasteful, D-Cup overflowing magazine. It took awhile to locate Morganna since she moves

around a lot, from one strip club to another. We finally found her in Chicago where she was letting it all hang out at one of the clubs there. Her initial reaction was enthusiastic. Yes,

she would "love" to be featured in GENT and she'd pose for a cover and an interview would be conducted with her by one of our writers.

So away we went . . . lined up our



favorite Chicago GENT photographer, got a staff member all primed to fly to Chicago, dates were set and posing sessions arranged, and then . . . out of the blue, Morganna's agent called and cancelled the whole thing. His explanation was that he didn't feel that GENT had the right *image* for Morganna. What?? we asked incredulously. Why GENT is one of the finest magazines around as all of our readers know and Morganna with her great big boobs would fit right in. But no, there was no persuading her or her agent. Just what image stripper Morganna wishes to portray, we can't even imagine. But, to make a long story a bit longer, one of our West Coast photographers informed us that he had a set on Morganna, taken about ten years ago before her tits were huge, and we thought you'd like to see her before the wonders of medical science gave her those big bouncing boobs which she loves to display on television, and expose in strip joints all over the country. Maybe someday you'll see Morganna doing her thing in a magazine, if she can find one with the right *Image*.



SWAMP FEVER

Continued from page 23

and whispered softly, "I'm really glad you found us."

We all sat on the couch drinking beer, laughing and talking. I had Debbie on one side and Sue on the other, both snuggled up close. My cock was hard as a rock and the girls kept looking at the bulge in my shorts and giggling. Sue gave it a playful squeeze a couple of times while Debbie kissed me wetly on the mouth.

After about four or five beers, we were all pretty tipsy and couldn't stop laughing. When the girls laughed, their enormous tits jiggled and shook. I kept turning from one to the other to watch and that made everyone laugh all the more.

Finally, Debbie got an idea.

"Okay, gang," she announced. "Let's find out once and for all who has the best set of jugs around here. Bob can be the judge." She got up on her knees beside me and stripped off her tiny bikini top. Her gorgeous breasts bounced free inches from my face. She ran her fingers through my hair and played with her tits with her other hand. I watched as her nipples grew stiff.

"Come on, Sue," Debbie teased. "Let's see what you've got. Show us those big titties!" They both giggled like schoolgirls.

My cock began to poke out the top of my shorts. Sue saw it and licked her lips as she got to her knees and unhooked her black top. She threw her shoulders back and expanded her breathtaking chest. She was magnificent! She

pushed her knockers together with both hands and smiled enticingly at me.

"I think you should use the suck test," she suggested, teasing the exposed head of my cock with her long nails.

I gladly squeezed her delicious tits with both hands and sucked the brown nipples. Her giant jugs were smooth and soft and the nipples were hard as rocks in my mouth. Sue closed her eyes and moaned.

Soon, I felt warm, soft flesh against the back of my head. I turned and was

"Debbie lay down on the bed and spread her legs wide. 'I'm ready for you, baby, anytime Sue's mouth gets tired,' she said huskily."

greeted by Debbie's huge pair. I caressed hers in the same way and sucked until her nipples were stiff and hard. She held my head with both hands and continued to run her fingers through my hair.

"Sorry, girls. But I have to declare a tie. You have the two best pairs of tits I've ever seen in my life, but I can't choose between them!"

"Okay, be that way," Debbie teased. "But to show you there are no hard feelings, we're goin' to show you a room you haven't seen yet ... our bed-

room! Come on!" Both girls pulled me to my feet, their tits bouncing, and we hurried down a hallway. They jiggled all the way.

The bedroom was incredible! Thick, white shag carpet covered the floor and one wall was entirely mirrored. There was a large mirror on the ceiling above the king-sized water bed. Obviously, Sue and Debbie liked to "work out" in style!

Both girls peeled off their tiny string bottoms. Debbie knelt in front of me and unzipped my shorts. She pulled everything down and, smiling up at me, took my big cock in her sexy mouth. She sucked away, flicking the underside of the head with her soft tongue.

"Suck him up good and hard, Deb," Sue ordered. "I'll give him something nice to play with." Sue put my hands on her immense breasts and, wrapping both arms around my neck, kissed my mouth hotly. I fondled her dazzling knockers as her tongue explored my mouth.

After a few moments, Sue dropped to her knees beside Debbie. She took my swollen cock in one hand and grabbed Debbie by her hair with the other, pulling her back. My cock popped out of Debbie's mouth.

"You're too greedy," Sue giggled. "Didn't you ever learn to share?" She immediately took my thick shaft between her warm, red lips and began to suck. As I watched my cock slide in and out of her pretty mouth, I realized that I was much bigger than I had ever been before. Apparently, the combination of two extraordinary girls at once, both with such spectacular chest development, had caused my rod to swell in size. Sue could hardly open her mouth wide enough to get it in!

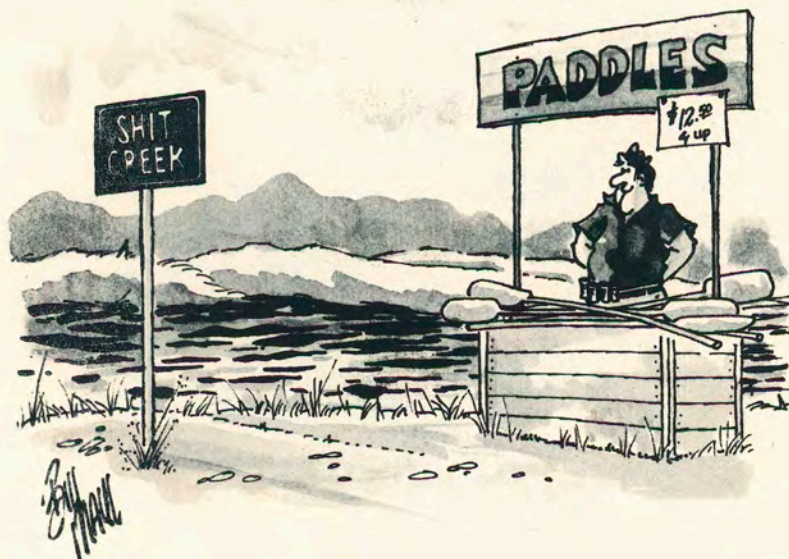
Debbie pranced over to the bed and lay down on her back. She saw me watching her and spread her legs wide. Smiling at me, she fondled her fabulous breasts and licked her lips.

"I'm ready for you, baby," she said huskily. "Anytime Sue's mouth gets tired, you can fill up my little cunt with that big piece of meat!" She ran her hands suggestively up and down her terrific body.

I took two handfuls of Sue's long, blonde hair and pulled her to her feet. She pressed her lush body tightly against mine and tried to climb up on my cock. I stopped her and led her to the bed where Debbie lay waiting.

"Remember what you said about sharing," I jokingly reminded her. She

(Continued on page 74)





**The
First
Time**



“Ya know, It’s kinda traumatic for a girl to take her clothes off in front of a camera for the first time,” Bobbi told our photographer. “I don’t do this as a rule.” She had some trepidation as to whether our audience would really like her but we assured her that they’d love every inch of her lovely body—her forty-inch boobies and her big brown nipples and her lovely skin . . . and we went on until she was convinced and then she went right to work.







Bobbi says that the reason she decided to take up modeling is because she needs the money. She had a thriving business going, manufacturing "adult" toys, but she says her partner skipped with the profits and left her holding a warehouse full of blow-up dolls, dildos and passion cream. She sold everything, paid off her debts and is now trying to get enough money together to open up her business again. "I guess I was just too trusting," Bobbi says. "I was raised in a small town in Colorado where everyone was so nice and honest and when this guy wanted me to put up ten thousand to go into business, I took my inheritance and gave it to him." Well, Bobbi says she'd learned her lesson.









With the pill suspected of causing cancer and I.U.D.s a literal pain in the uterus, many couples are turning to...

That Ever Lovin' Rubber

BY ROBERT STEVENSON

In 1965, when the birth control pill was reaching its zenith of popularity, and approximately five years before the evidence regarding potentially dangerous side effects began filtering in, the four most prevalent methods of contraception in the United States were, in order: the pill, the condom, rhythm, and the diaphragm. Douching, penis withdrawal, and spermicidal jellies (used with nothing else) were far down the list in terms of use. What this evidence means is that, during the sixties, the condom was the most widely used mechanical contraceptive device in the United States. Not only are these figures still true today, they now apply to the entire world as well.

Does this surprise you? Were you aware that condoms, or "rubbers," "shower curtains," "skins," "pros," "safeties," as they are also known, were so widely used? Take it one step further. We've all seen discarded ones yellowing in deserted parking lots, lovers lanes, or back alleys, but how many of these millions of users do you think knew a damn thing more about them? We don't read many articles on the subject; condoms simply aren't things "nice people" write about. We can't ask our doctor for advice; he probably knows even less about them than we do.

Consider the following. According to a 1970 estimate, over one and a half million individual condoms are manufactured daily in the United States. Over 317 million are produced annually. The conclusion has to be that an awful lot of people are using the condom as either a contraceptive or a prophylactic device, and finding it acceptable enough to use as their method of choice. But even these confirmed users probably know very little about their method of contraception, especially when contrasted with the virtual flood of information and research studies about the birth control pill, the intrauterine device (IUD), etc.

But are men, who after all are the ones that are slipping on these 317 million rubbers, and women, who they're inevitably slipping the things into, still concerned about preventing childbirth? Isn't birth control a settled issue? Do we still have to worry about "knocking up" our bed partner? In the late sixties, something called the National Fertility Study was conducted. Over 5,600 women were surveyed, attempting to determine whether their child was "planned" or "unwanted." Admittedly, this was a delicate admission for

many of the women to make, since it could have been seen as reflecting on their inability to control fertility, and perhaps even on the status of their recently born child (nobody likes being labeled "unwanted"). The following estimates are therefore considered *minimal*. Between 1960-65, 1/5 of all births, and more than 1/3 of all non-white births, were unwanted. Unwanted births were twice as high among wives with less than a high school education, as among wives who attended college. Unwanted births were twice as high for families with less than \$3000 income as for those with incomes of \$10,000 or more. The survey concludes with the finding that in the period 1960-65, there were 4.7 million births that were unwanted, and could have been prevented by better contraceptive practices. Obviously, these studies showed that the existing methods of birth control in America were not too effective. Close to five million unwanted births in five years is very strong evidence.

It is estimated that over six million American women use one form or another of the birth control pill. In addition, another one and a half million women use the IUD as their method of choice. We may thus assume that approximately eight million women are so intent on avoiding pregnancy that they are willing to assume the risks of high blood pressure, genital and breast cancers, uterine cancers and vision defects that accompany use of the pill. But what of all the women who can't take the pill because it makes them sick, disturbs their vision, or are just not oriented to taking a pill regularly? What of the women who are newly married and have not had a child as yet? The IUD is reportedly much easier and safer to insert in a uterus and cervix which have been dilated by a previous childbirth. And what of the woman who believes that not only conception, but contraception as well, is something she'd like to share with her bed partner? Surely, there must be an alternative; let's explore the possibilities of the *male* contraceptive, the condom, as this alternative.

There is evidence that the early Egyptians made use of various penis protectors, but the main purpose was decoration, as a symbol of rank, or as a "prophylactic" (a protector against disease). It was probably not until the 16th

Century when a sheath-like apparatus was employed for "contraception" (against conception), but the primary purpose continued to be disease prevention. These coverings were often loosely fitted linen which was simply draped over the penis prior to entry, or else fitted into the female to act as a receptacle for the semen. Obviously, it left much to be desired, both in terms of effectiveness and comfort.

It was not until the 18th Century that the condom as we know it, was developed. Ironically, these early sheaths were made of the thin intestines of animals, principally sheep, and now we find, that after a century of rubber and then latex, the most sophisticated condoms of today are once again made from the intestines of sheep. Casanova, one of the greatest "cocksmen" of literature, evidently employed the condom quite extensively in his adventures. He supposedly described them as "the English vestment that puts one's mind at rest," and as "assurance caps." As further proof of his confidence in their ability to keep his juices from entering his lady loves, he boasted that they are "preservatives that the English have invented to put the fair sex under shelter from all fear."

Casanova probably purchased his condoms from the local house of pros-

titution. Prostitution was widespread in 18th Century Europe, and several of the more enterprising ladies, recognizing the vast prophylactic and contraceptive potential of the condom, began making and marketing their own. It is not hard to see, via simple laws of association, how the condom became linked with illicit, casual sexual experiences, where the possibility of infectious disease was always a factor. This association, as we'll see, has persisted almost to the present day, and was in part a contributing factor in the heretofore less than enthusiastic acceptance of the condom among married couples.

By the way, if you're wondering about the origin of the word "condom," you are destined to remain perplexed. Oh, you could subscribe to a fanciful tale of a 17th Century court physician by the name of "Dr. Condom," who invented it for his king, but I fear there's little proof of that. The truth is that no one seems to really know how the term developed.

Did the condom work? In 1802, the social philosopher Malthus said "man must limit his reproduction through moral restraint." When he said this, the birth rate in the United States was 50 births for every 1000 people per year. In 1822, the "Neo-Malthusian" movement was launched, and advocated

"preventatives" in place of "moral restraint." In 1900, the birth rate had taken a drastic drop to 30 births for every 1000 people per year. When we realize that, in those days, the condom was the one and only effective contraceptive, it and the philosophy of Malthus certainly did work!

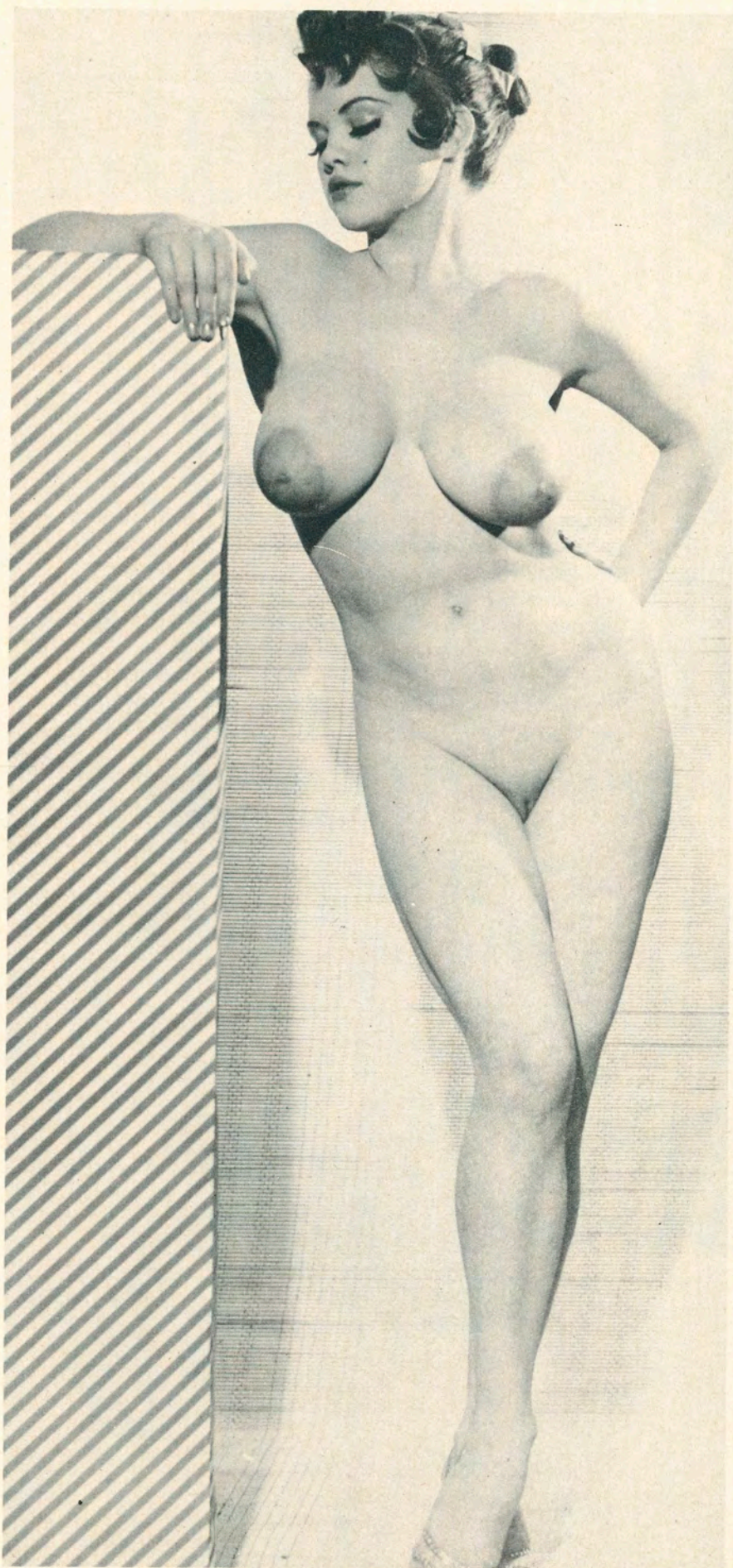
In 1844, the process for the vulcanization of rubber was developed. This allowed for a much safer, more easily mass produced (and therefore cheaper) device than ever before. The days of the clumsily contrived sheepskin were over. But just as this seemingly bright outlook for the condom dawned, past associations with whores were to signal its downfall once more. This time it was actually *legislated* as an "article of immoral use," this being the exact wording of the Comstock Act of 1873. This law prohibited the sale of all birth control articles and even restricted the distribution of information on any and all contraceptives. Of necessity, the distribution and sale of condoms was driven underground during the late 19th and early 20th Centuries. Aside from these obvious restraints, another more serious problem was generated. Since the Comstock laws effectively denied any governmental regulation or control to the manufacture of contraceptives, cheaply made, poorly inspected, carelessly packaged, and haphazardly distributed condoms saw their way to the market. When a product is used as either a prophylactic or a contraceptive agent, and it doesn't work, the consequences are not easily forgotten. As the old saying goes, "There's no such thing as being just a little pregnant."

Happily, for not only the fate of the condom, but for all contraceptives, the various states began to interpret the Comstock legislation in a more liberal manner. At first condoms could only be sold as prophylactics, which again was an image destroyer. What wife would brag about her husband using a "disease preventative?" But gradually the barriers began to fall. It has only been in the last decade, however, that any real governmental, or for that matter, public, acceptance has been forthcoming. Today, in many states, condoms are openly displayed in drug stores and clerks are willing to discuss their merits and shortcomings, much as they would any other pharmaceutical article they stock. Aside from the drug store sales, over one half of all condoms sold are reputed to be via gas station (coin machines) or tobacco shop sales. Once

(Continued on page 44)



"I'd probably get more satisfaction from a good cigarette."



D-Cups From Another Time

For this issue's *Mammary Lane* we're going way back to the years around 1960 when cars were fast and grass was something you mowed. The models wore different styles back then but their sexiness endures through the years. In a very daring photo for the times showing full frontal nudity, Rosina (left) exhibits her shaved pussy and huge aureoles. The unidentified model below posed in the "handyman" setting — a popular photographer's set of the fifties.





Makeup and hairstyles are valuable aids when dating old pixs. Gloria (left) posed for this shot in 1958. Twenty years ago the emphasis on youth was not as pronounced as it is in most "cheesecake" today. In fact, mature models were generally considered sexier than younger gals. A much photographed model of the day, Jane (above), posed for this traditional negligee shot in 1962. Buxom and big-assed Shane Miller in a retouched photo (right) and Millie Seaton in the ever-popular garter belt and stockings (below).









If you're in your late twenties, you'll remember when Anne Raymond's patterned hose (far left) were all the rage. All we know of the exquisite pig-tailed model (opposite page) is that her name is Gay, she is (or was) a dancer and that this photo was taken in 1961. Again, the fishnet stockings so popular in the early sixties are worn by Betty (left). The lovely model above with the huge aureole-type breasts was shot in 1963. You may have heard of Pat Jackson, below, another famous model of the era. And rounding out this *Mammary Lane* is a shot of a model named Carmen (opposite page, below) taken in 1958. They're all good mammaries.



RUBBERS

Continued from page 38

more, the aura of "quickie sex" and a contraceptive purchased more for expediency than effectiveness, is perpetuated by this type of distribution.

Under the provisions of the Federal Food, Drug, and Cosmetics Act of 1938, the condom became liable to F.D.A. regulation and inspection. Happily for all of us, the resulting scrutiny has been so close that one manufacturer's representative typified it as "the most carefully tested item" under their jurisdiction. As an example of the safety of the condom, a 1961 F.D.A. study found that less than one percent of over 14,000 condoms tested were defective, and this was before the introduction of electronic testing, done on each condom at the manufacturing site. As for the possibility of the condom rupturing during use, the possibilities are again quite remote if the user observes some simply complied with recommendations.

Condoms are available in latex and membrane ("skins"). Since the two elements of friction and heat are crucial to pleasurable balling, the skin condom

has the advantage but is usually more expensive. The user has a choice of "plain end" or "reservoir end," the latter providing a nipple-like projection at the tip to accommodate the spent semen. After rolling on the condom, it is always wise to leave a small space at the end (for the semen) as this lessens the chances of breakage. The reservoir end makes this precaution unnecessary, thus decreasing the chance of "user error," the main criticism of the condom's efficiency. Condoms may be pre-lubricated or plain. The pre-lubricated seem the ones of choice since the lubricant increases sensitivity, provides easier entry, less chance of breakage, and seems to provide a better high. Lubrication may be of the moist type, thereby requiring packaging which minimizes the drying out effects of air (foil containers) or the silicone dry lubricant, which is odorless and will not evaporate.

The three newest features to hit the male contraceptive market are the colored condom, the pre-shaped condom, and the ribbed condom.



"And as their commanding officer I feel I should know what my men are getting into."

For some years, pastel colored contraceptives have been popular in foreign countries. In Japan, they are even marketed on a door-to-door basis, much along the lines of the "Avon Lady" gimmick here in the States. America has now been introduced to the colored condom. The ads for "Fiesta," a Sensitel-lubricated, reservoir-end condom, ask "Want to be a colorful lover?", and then go on to rhapsodize about their exotic colors such as "magnificent magenta, empyrean green, intriguing black, and sunshine yellow." The ad further suggests that you "choose a different color every time." An ad for "Tahiti," another lubricated, super thin condom, invites you to "feel your lovemaking glow," with their range of exciting colors. These are not novelty items. A spokesman for J. Schmid, manufacturer of Fiesta, indicates that "extensive studies and experience, here and abroad, show that people use attractively colored male contraceptives more readily than they do regular kinds."

The pre-shaped condom is formed with a flared tip, so that it more nearly approximates the shape of the penis. The key ingredient here is that the condom is engineered for movement *inside* the device. It is this movement, combining the aforementioned critical elements of friction and heat, that contributes to heightened sensitivity and feeling.

The ribbed condom operates on the same theory as the well known "French Tickler." Followers of sex gadgets are well aware that a multitude of condom-like devices come with rubber or soft plastic "feelers" attached, and are designed to stimulate your gal's vaginal walls and clitoris. Adding these attractions to something so inherently dull as a birth control device was nothing short of genius.

The use of color, form fit and ribbing all point out the direction the condom industry wants its product to go. They feel that since *some* form of birth control must be practiced by virtually everyone, why not combine efficiency with pleasure? Naturally, they feel the condom is the best product to satisfy these two factors.

The age old image of the condom is becoming only a memory, and the more positive aspects of its use are increasingly being brought to the public. Perhaps the future will see more and more men, and their women, perceiving it as the alternative they've been seeking.

G

Gent



Hello Again, Dolly

A couple of years ago, we featured a bombastic Dolly in GENT magazine and then for some reason she disappeared . . . or we lost track of her. It was with unbounded joy that we suddenly found that Dolly is back . . . and she's bigger and better than ever. We asked Dolly where in the hell she'd been and what she has been doing. "Eating," she replied. Dolly says she isn't trying to hold her weight down.















A lotta girls get really upset because they are a little overweight and they starve themselves and make themselves miserable trying to get slim and look like Farrah Fawcett. Well, I used to be a bit self-conscious about my size but I tried dieting and exercising and hypnotism and everything else and I got really down and depressed. I'd lose some off my hips and a little off my waist, but my tits stayed pretty much the

same. Then I got my big break. I became a model and discovered that my greatest claim to fame was my size. It was then that I decided to hell with trying to be skinny. My goal in life now is to be the biggest girl with the biggest titties in the world. And now I'm having a ball. I eat everything I want to, I never exercise or run or do any of that crap they say is good for you . . . I just pig out." We didn't get a chance to measure Dolly, but she looks like an easy 60 plus.



Prostitution's no longer legal, but amorous adventures are still prevalent for a gentleman in quest of an Oriental education.

How To Get

MADE IN JAPAN

BY JERRY LEE

Officially there is no prostitution in Tokyo. Lay-for-pay is taboo. The noble institution was abolished in 1958 when the Women's Christian Temperance Union of Japan persuaded the government to ban the brothel in the land of the rising sun.

"Ban the brothel" has a nice sound. It is alliterative and falls upon the ear with pleasing euphony. Sixty years ago the WCTU made successful use of an equally militant slogan in the United States.

Then it was "ban the booze." People listened, liked it and, at the WCTU's urging, voted in the Prohibition Act of 1919 so turning the nation into a land of hearty drinkers and scofflaws. That law also enabled a handful of men to set up an enterprise that was to become one of the most successful and profitable in the world. The Mafia.

The WCTU's record of winning battles and losing wars is intact.

Today Tokyo is the world's number one fleshpot.

Of course Tokyo's anti-prostitution stance is not unique. Most countries and cities have long ago illegalized the act of paid fornication. A few, more enlightened, permit it under rigid controls.

Boarding up the brothels in Japan was almost like closing down a major industry. Japanese men would not have been more surprised if the Government had suddenly ordered the makers of automobiles to cease production of Toyotas and Datsuns.

Alas, Japan, the last bastion of male supremacy, is giving way to female domination. Fast disappearing is the Asian version of macho — *bushido* —

code of the *Samurai*. The Japanese male suddenly finds himself outnumbered in his own country.

In centuries past when too many daughters were born to a Japanese family it was customary to give the excess females to families with too few girls. Or they could be apprenticed as Geishas, were they attractive enough. Often they were sold as concubines. If the girl's family was high born a suitable marriage might be arranged. Following that the bride was dominated by her husband as she had been by her father and brothers.

Well no more.

Today Japanese women still turn out more daughters than sons. But now they cannot be traded off, sold, or otherwise disposed of.

The Japanese economy has found a place for many of them. Assembly lines in automobile, electronics and optical plants have been a form of survival for Japanese females.

But not for all of them.

Those who do not like standing or sitting at an assembly line, lack the education for more cerebral pursuits, or the discipline to train as geishas (a vanishing art), or, finally, to find suitable husbands, have a last resort. The raunchiness and virility of the Japanese male.

There are few men on earth who relish the company of a woman more. In or out of marriage, in or out of bed, a woman is a must. More often than not, several women.

The Japanese male considers it demeaning to even drink alone. For a drinking partner a woman is preferable to a man. A single woman more suitable

than a wife.

A Japanese woman listens. She commiserates as he pours out his problems, is enchanted with his stories, and laughs heartily at his jokes. All the while keeping her own problems to herself.

Concubines once solved the Japanese male's need for more than one woman. The number required was usually determined by his wealth. Even the middle classes managed at least one. Frequently these subsidiary wives lived under the same roof with the number one wife.

Women's Lib in Japan has taken care of that.

So what does the able-bodied man do when he feels the need for female companionship or when lust raises its lovely head?

Tokyo offers plenty of options.

GEISHAS (gaysha). These ladies are not now, and never were, prostitutes. They are, as they have always been, delightful companions for the male chauvinist. Of course, sex being what it is, it is entirely possible that encounters of the sexual kind are possible with a geisha. Normally that is not the rule. Their appeal is aesthetic and intellectual rather than genital.

The geisha will bow obsequiously when you are ushered into her presence. Her purpose is to entertain you, but more importantly, to console you and relieve you temporarily of your manifold burdens.

When she sees you are relaxed she will perform the exquisite Japanese tea ceremony, following which you will be served food, your sake cup kept filled to the brim. She will become a sort of

Scheherazade relating for your enjoyment enchanting stories of ancient Japan.

Should you tire of these she will play innocent games involving sake, matches, coins or cards. Finally, she will strum her *samisen*, chanting old songs in a sweet plaintive voice. She will dance — not with — but for you.

Such an evening in a geisha house will be expensive but will leave you happy. Sadly, the day of the Geisha is almost over. Today it is the tourist who is keeping the tradition alive.

The Japanese man, and the tourist, seem to want a little faster action. This is available at . . .

BARS and CABARETS. There are so many of these one has to wonder if even the Tokyo authorities know exactly how many. Start with a guess of 12,000 within the city and you might be close.

No bar is complete without a hostess, or two or three. These girls, like the geisha, will listen to your troubles, laugh at your jokes, and drink with you. All at going rates.

The hourly rate for this form of companionship ranges from five dollars an hour upward. The price might include a hand on your thigh or higher, assorted pats and squeezes.

The large number of these places makes them easy to find. You can hardly avoid them. The bigger ones are emblazoned with neon displays that put downtown Las Vegas to shame. But the smaller ones are more interesting.

These you will find scattered about in courtyards and alleyways. In some, though there may be only three barstools, there is sure to be a hostess. When you find one of these make certain you are welcome. Many cater exclusively to Japanese men.

While this form of relaxation and female companionship is less expensive than a geisha house, it is not always cheap. Drinks are expensive, especially imported liquor. Better you should settle for Japanese beer or Suntory whiskey. Also, remember those plates of peanuts and crackers (*osembi*) the bartender places in front of you are not free.

In addition to the bars and cabarets, there are *Kissaten* scattered about. These are coffee houses. They serve drinks too. But there are no hostesses present. You will have to bring your own girl. It is not wise to try to make a pickup.

As stated earlier, there is no official prostitution in Tokyo. If you are wondering where it went, well, it abounds where it always has. In the Yoshiwara

District.

As many World War II and Korean War veterans fondly recall, the Yoshiwara was the largest and most flamboyant red light area in Asia until the WCTU put an end to it in 1958.

No more brothels. Yet, those delectable little Japanese whores are still there. They are masseuses now. Some of them very, very good even though their skills in the art of massage may be something less than ideal. Their expertise is earthier. Today the number of

“If you have never had a genuine Japanese massage you have missed one of life’s most pleasurable experiences.”

massage parlors in Tokyo is perhaps second only to the number of bars.

Of course, if it’s really a massage you want there are a few legitimate *Toruko Onsen* in Tokyo. So legitimate you could even take your wife.

If you have never had a genuine Japanese massage you have missed one of the world’s most pleasurable experiences. Let us leave the whores of Yoshiwara for just a moment and see what a Japanese massage is really like.

Don’t undress. The scantily clad (sometimes nude) masseuse will do that



“Hi, Tom, I wonder if I could borrow one of Cheryl’s bras?”

for you, right down to your socks. She will lead you to the steam bath. Enter with care, the Japanese have a greater tolerance for heat than Americans.

When your body has attained the shade of a boiled lobster you will be ready for a bath. The steam room was cool compared to the hot tub you now enter.

There will be companions in the tub; men, women, children. This is a communal affair. When you step out of the tub there is little else to do. Your masseuse takes over. She soaps you, scrubs you, missing not a nook nor cranny. You never had it so clean. One more dunk in the hot tub and you are ready for the massage table.

Small but steely fingers will probe you everywhere. They will locate muscles you never knew existed and they will be kneaded until you feel you might want to scream.

While you are still on your stomach your little girl will climb up on the table and begin to jog barefoot along your spine. After a few seconds you will find this not only bearable but pleasurable.

When she has finished her walk she will turn you over and go to work on your neck, your chest, your belly, your thighs and legs. And your scrotum. Yes, this is also part of a legitimate massage.

A trace of masochism will help you enjoy your massage to the fullest. But even if pain is not your thing you will discover a Japanese massage, expertly administered, is perhaps the world’s second most enjoyable experience.

Let us return to the gaudy Yoshiwara for an encounter of another kind. Here the masseuse is not there to improve your physical condition but simply for the enhancement of a single muscle. You are now in a world of sensual delight.

The variations on this theme are almost without limit. You name it, there is a girl who will perform it. If you can’t think of anything special you like just let the young lady do whatever comes to her fertile mind. She knows more tricks than Merlin ever thought of. She will conjure more pleasures of the flesh than your wildest fantasies ever conceived.

When this is over and you have exploded far beyond your ordinary limits you will find a nap most desirable.

When you awake your masseuse, now modestly clad in a floral *kimono* and *obi*, will dress you slowly and lovingly. She will clasp her small hands across her slender waist, bow gracefully and bid you . . .

Sayonara.



"I thought the zoning laws protected us against that."



1



2

Heads & Tails

You readers seem to like our little match games, so here's another one to test your knowledge of the female form. This time we've tried to make it a little harder for you (that's what GENT always does) by putting in a shot of our D-Copper's tops from one photo, and their big, bloomin' beautiful bottoms from another shot. Our last contest was a bit of a bummer because we inadvertently got our answers screwed up on one gal. Sorry fellas, a lot of you caught us.



3



4



5



6



7



8



9



10

Match the heads and tails of our bevy of Gent gals and test yourself. Any guy with a perfect score can take pride in being the top tits 'n' ass man around. The girls have all appeared in GENT before, so if you have trouble, go back to your old issues.



A



B



C



D



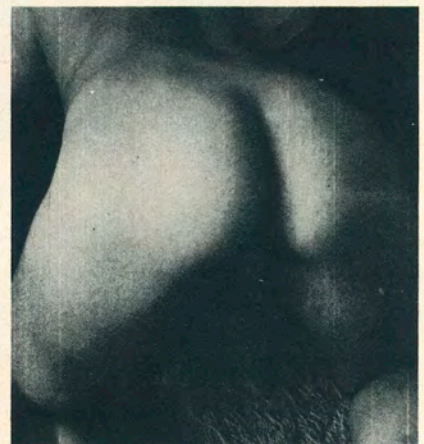
E



F



G



H



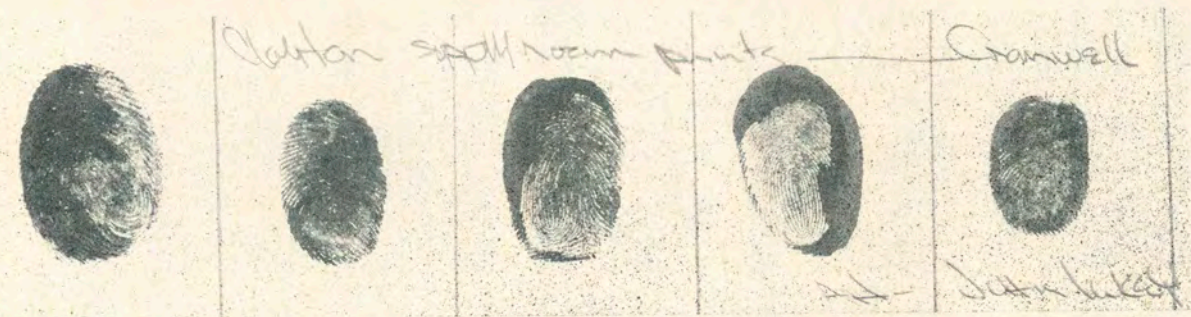
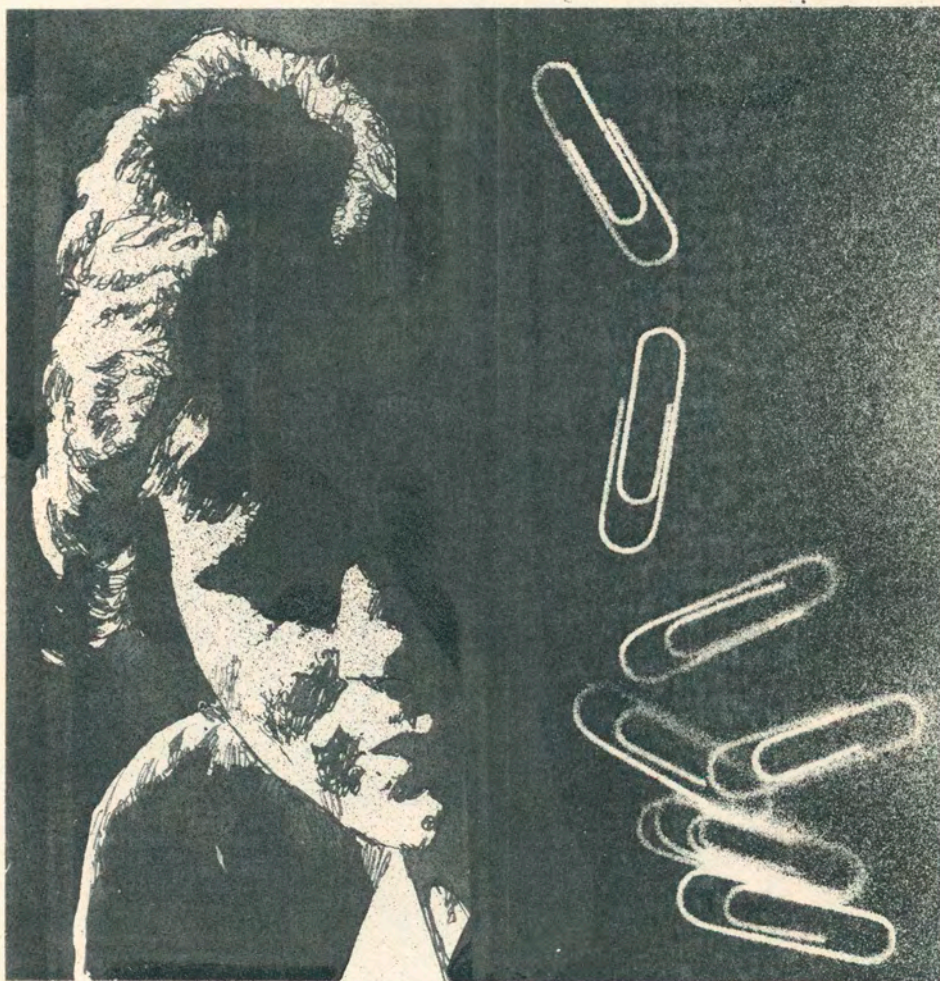
I



J

- | | |
|------|-----|
| 10-A | 5-D |
| 9-H | 4-I |
| 8-B | 3-J |
| 7-F | 2-C |
| 6-E | 1-G |

ANSWERS



A Smug Murder

If only he hadn't been so sure of himself.

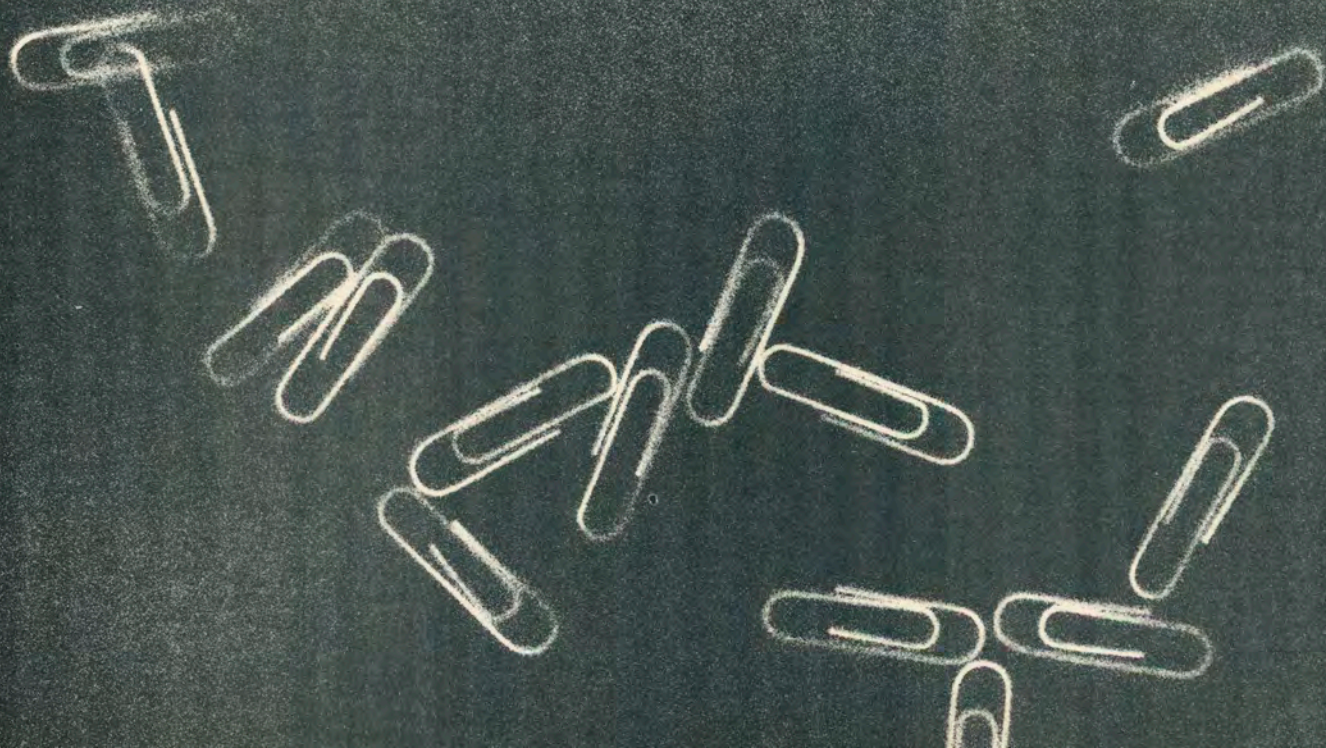
BY THOMAS WHALEN

I didn't kill Harry Clayton for money, revenge, a woman, or any other normal, logical reason one man kills another. I killed him because I just couldn't stand his face. It wasn't particularly ugly or anything like that. It was just that he always appeared so smug and self-satisfied. That always drove me up the wall.

I'd never killed anyone

before but I've always known that, if I had a good enough reason, I would have the courage and skill to carry it out with success. One bright Friday afternoon, I sat looking at him across five rows of desks in the huge open office area on the first floor of our Chicago building. I could see his customary smug expression even at that

Illustration by John Lahey



distance and I thought, by George, that was reason enough.

More than two hundred people were employed at this branch of Walker Industries and, although he was only one step up the corporate ladder, we hardly even knew each other. There was no reason for anyone to suspect me.

Accordingly, I didn't have to take many precautions. I even felt it was safe enough to commit the murder right in the building. It might even be fun to watch the inevitable scrambling by all concerned after such an unusual occurrence.

All I had to make sure of was that no one actually saw me do it. That presented a slight problem because those two hundred people I mentioned had a nasty habit of milling around in an unpredictable manner. You never knew when someone might pop up out of nowhere while you were engaged in a private chat with someone in a normally untraveled spot.

There were lots of such spots at the

office, like the storage rooms, the information center which no one ever used, the cafeteria between meals, the cloak rooms, or one of the meeting rooms between meetings. I finally decided to kill him in one of the supply rooms. Dear old Harry, smug as he was, wasn't yet important enough to have his own secretary, so he occasionally had to get his supplies himself.

This brought up the subject of paper clips. Paper clips were kept, don't ask me why, in a dusty old supply room on the third floor, out of the main traffic pattern which was light on that floor anyway. I've always considered this dumb because someone always needs paper clips and I could think of at least ten places more convenient to store them.

The paper clip room contained various other samples, but nothing so popular as these. Consequently, some jerk saw to it that they were stacked in the back of the room behind shelves and boxes of other supplies so you had as

much trouble as possible if you wanted to get some.

Several months earlier, I had stolen a pass key that opened the doors of all the supply rooms in the building. That way I could save myself the trouble of filling out a request sheet whenever I wanted anything. That key, which no one knew I had, made this storage room the ideal place. That Friday afternoon, I stole all of Harry Clayton's paper clips.

On Monday morning, Harry discovered the theft within an hour. Pretending to read a report, I watched as he finished typing something, looked in his desk for a clip, and found nothing. I could see his smug expression disappear, if only momentarily. It returned in seconds along with a crafty expression and he tried to steal a paper clip from the poor sap at the desk next to him.

Fortunately, the poor sap didn't like him any better than I did. A near fight ensued as voices were raised in anger. The only word I could actually distinguish over the noise of typewriters and conversations was a cuss word, but in pantomime I could make out the poor sap telling Harry to go get his own paper clips and what to do with them when he got them. I headed for the third floor.

In my briefcase I carried an old smock and a tire iron. I had decided on the traditional blunt instrument because it was quiet, quick, and easier to use properly than a knife. The smock, of course, was in case of blood spattering.

The paper clip room was deserted so I quickly slipped into a quiet nook and waited. It was an odd room to be used for storage because it had three doors. Two were located at one end of the nearly square chamber, facing each other across a narrow hallway formed by a row of shelves. The third was centered on the opposing wall at the far end, completely hidden from view by several shelves and stacked boxes.

In a couple of minutes, Harry entered and disappeared behind a stack of boxed envelopes, heading toward the back of the room and the paper clips. I stepped out of my nook and followed. As soon as we were out of sight of all three entrances I said, "Hi, Harry."

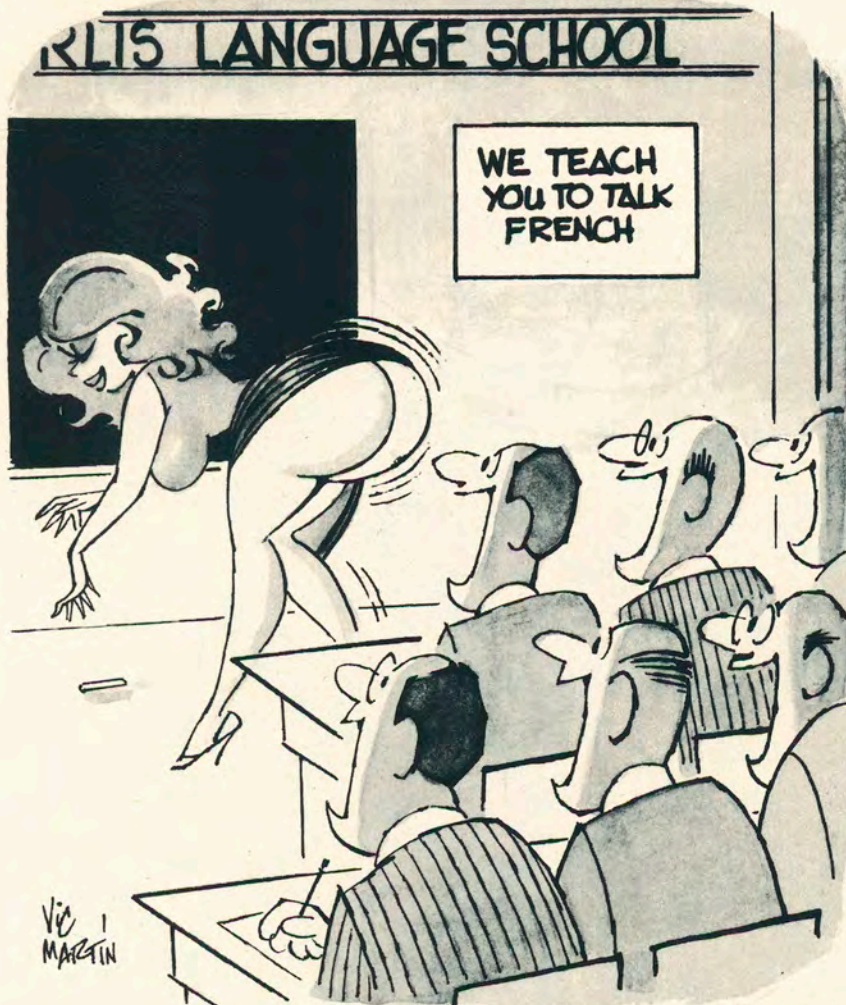
Harry turned around and said, "Hi Joe. What've you got there?"

"A smock and a tire iron," I said. "Hang on a second." He watched smugly as I put the smock on and buttoned it up.

"What's with the tire iron?" he asked.

I hit him right in the face with it and

(Continued on page 68)



"Oo-la-la!"



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SMUG MURDER

Continued from page 60

he died instantly.

I wiped the iron clean and placed it on the floor next to his body, following suit with the smock. Checking my person for any other signs of violence, I found none and prepared to leave.

That's when things started to go wrong. My best exit was the left of the two opposing doors, but when I peeked out to see if the coast was clear, a secretary was headed in my direction and closing fast. I sprinted for the other door. I had time for a quick look and what I saw just about made me drop my teeth. Two secretaries were coming down the hall with that old paper clip look in their eyes. The third door eventually led to a dead end but by now I was desperate and running out of time.

Crashing through a stack of boxes, I high hurdled a box of (of all things) toilet paper, landed wrong, twisted my ankle, and limped crablike for my only way out. The two main doors opened simultaneously just as I disappeared from view. I was making a lot of noise and someone called, "Who's there?"

I rushed through the door and slammed it behind me. I was now in a hall which passed behind some of the offices on this floor. There were only four doors along the way before coming to a blank wall, and all opened into private rooms, almost certainly occupied at this hour. I knew the body would be discovered any second. If someone started screaming, I shuddered to think of an executive in one of those offices coming this way to find out what was going on.

Someone started screaming.

It was an unearthly, bloodcurdling noise guaranteed to start an instant commotion. I began to hear running feet in the other corridors and then other women began to scream, and some man began to shout.

Then, behind one of the doors on my right, I heard the muffled sound of another door slamming and I could visualize what had happened. The occupant of that office had heard the noise and gone out through his front door to investigate. At least that's what I hoped.

I was a sitting duck where I stood so I held my breath and stepped through the door. The office was empty.

Peeking out the front door, I saw another open office area with a bunch of people running out of it toward the hall which led to the paper clip room. I

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limped in the other direction and made it down the emergency stairs to my floor without being spotted. I was holding my now empty briefcase and getting a cup of coffee from the vending machine in the snack bar when someone came in and shouted, "Harry Clayton's just been murdered!"

The next few days were very interesting.

The rest of Monday was completely shot, what with police running around asking questions. It was quickly determined that it was unlikely for anyone to have slipped in from outside to kill him so they settled down to questioning the employees.

They got really excited when they learned about the fight Harry had had with the poor sap over the paper clips, but it turned out to be a false alarm. He had an alibi.

I was one of about a hundred people who didn't have a clear alibi, but I was in with a distinguished group including the company president and several high executives who were alone in their offices.

Contrary to Perry Mason, practically no one was perfectly sure of their whereabouts at the exact time of the murder, which could only be narrowed down to a fifteen minute period. It seemed no one was paying strict attention to the time when the commotion began.

By late afternoon, they even got around to questioning me. A fellow named Crowell with bushy eyebrows and a stubby pencil asked me the usual list of unimaginative questions while another officer and Miles Arnold, our personnel manager, stood by as official witnesses for both sides.

"When was the last time you saw the deceased alive?"

"I guess around ten." I went on to explain about the cuss word I had overheard during the now famous paper clip fight and he carefully noted it down in his book.

"Where were you between nine fifty and ten fifteen?"

I assured him that part of the time I had been at my desk, but I had also gone to get a cup of coffee.

"When was the last time you were in the supply room on the third floor?"

"Gee, I think a couple of weeks ago."

"Did you go up there when you heard about the murder?"

"Sure, but I couldn't get near the place. The crowd was too big."

He mumbled a few more questions,

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his eyebrows rising suspiciously as I mumbled the answers, and then he went on to the next guy.

Just when things were getting back to normal on Tuesday, Miles Arnold called me into his office. "It's a rotten way to get a promotion," he said, "but there it is. We want you to take over Harry Clayton's duties."

I was stunned. "You've got to be kidding," was the only thing I could think of to say. Was this guy putting me on? This would automatically elevate me to the top of the suspect list.

He told me he wasn't kidding. "In fact, we've had our eye on you for quite some time now. You've done good work here and you've proved you're capable of decisive action."

The horrible thought occurred to me that he knew I'd killed Harry and he approved of my method of self-promotion, but that was too ridiculous, I hoped.

He gave me till the end of the week to finish my present assignments and then I would start on Harry's job, which had something to do with purchasing. I couldn't protest the promotion too much or it would create even more suspicion than accepting it. After all, somebody had to replace him. Besides, there was no way they could prove I had any knowledge I was even being considered for a promotion, and without that they had no motive.

On Wednesday, I was one of about half the staff allowed to go to the funeral. It was a bright, sunny day and we were all glad to get outside. The funeral was a huge success and the minister, I could tell, put on his best performance for the crowd.

The casket had been open earlier at the funeral parlor. It had pleased me no end to see that although the morticians had done a wonderful job putting his face back together, they had failed miserably in their attempt to replace his maddening smug look. Instead, he appeared slightly worried about some unknown problem. I had achieved an eternally lasting success.

As his casket was being lowered into the ground I saw his widow for the first time and I had to catch my breath. She was a stunning blonde with a figure that just wouldn't quit. I've never seen a shape that could do more for basic black than hers. No wonder he always looked so smug.

After the funeral, she insisted on thanking everyone personally for attending so we all lined up to walk past her. I couldn't take my eyes off her as I

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grew gradually closer. The breeze was catching her long hair and lifting it gently around her in a halo and I think I was half convinced she was a real angel.

It took about ten minutes for me to come before her. When she took my hand and looked up into my eyes with her incredibly blue ones, I was shocked and horrified to discover that I was hopelessly in love.

Something in her eyes, a half-frightened, half-excited expression, told me that she was feeling the magnetism between us, too. She dropped my hand suddenly, as though it had burned her, and she blushed right down to her neckline. In that moment I think we both knew we were hooked.

I left quickly and threw myself into my work for the rest of the day, trying to force her out of my thoughts. I even told myself I would be trying to get caught if I became involved with her. I went home and spent a restless night. She even haunted my dreams.

By the time work ended on Thursday, I could stand it no longer. I looked up Harry Clayton's home address and drove out there. I rang the doorbell with literally trembling fingers and she answered it almost at once. Her face was as beautiful as ever but haggard like mine must have been and I knew she had felt the same type of torment I had gone through. She knew exactly what I wanted and she took my hand and said, "Come in."

We spent the evening together, doing nothing more than talking, and then we spent Friday evening and by the end of it I was actually contemplating marriage. I left her place just after one in the morning and floated all the way home.

I was in such a daze from this incredible turn of events that I failed completely to notice the two gentlemen sitting on my living room couch until I was halfway across the room. Not surprisingly, they turned out to be the police, Crowell and a fellow I didn't recognize. They appeared uncomfortable and I could tell they would have preferred to be talking to me down at the police station, but they didn't have any hard evidence to back up their suspicions.

Crowell's eyebrows quivered excitedly as he began to ask the questions. The other fellow took the notes. "Don't you think it a bit odd that you should wind up with Harry Clayton's job and Harry Clayton's wife so soon after his mysterious demise?"

"It certainly is," I conceded. What

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could I say? It certainly was.
"Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"
"I'm certainly not," I said with as much indignation as I could muster. "I didn't kill him so I've done nothing to be ashamed of."

We were at it for two hours, until four in the morning, with me absurdly serving coffee. Crowell kept insisting I had the right to remain silent and the right to my attorney and I kept insisting I had nothing to hide so ask away. He kept harping on my new job and girlfriend and even suggested we were in it together.

I kept countering with the literal truth. I had no idea I was even in line for a promotion and I had never met her before the funeral.

He couldn't shake me simply because I never had to lie. I evaded his traps and refuted his trumped up witnesses with the assurance you can only have when you're telling the truth. I kept waiting for him to ask me what I thought of Harry Clayton's face, but he never did. I sweated it out and I beat him. It felt just great.

Crowell grew more frustrated every time I blocked one of his avenues of attack. Also, I could see the coffee his assistant so gratefully accepted was a major sore point with him, so I was extra gracious when serving it, just to irritate him.

Finally I lost patience with the whole thing and ordered them to arrest me or get out. "You haven't got a case and you know it," I said. What could he say. He knew I had him.

Harry's widow and I spent a lovely weekend together while Crowell and company worked overtime trying to break my story. They questioned everyone in sight and drew a blank. Office officials were no help. They insisted that there was no way I could have known I was in the running for a promotion. They insisted on strict secrecy in such matters. As far as they were concerned, I was in the clear.

Then the police went at it from the other angle, questioning my friends as well as anyone who knew the Claytons. My friends had never heard of her and her friends had never heard of me. To hear Clayton acquaintances tell it, Janet was little short of a saint. The police found no evidence that she had been fooling around with anyone, let alone me, before her husband's death.

Monday morning I took over Harry's duties and was astonished to discover that he was the jerk in charge of storing supplies when they came in. By

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George, I *knew* I didn't like him.

My first official act was to type out a memo ordering the removal of the paper clips from the third floor storage area. They were to be distributed on all four company floors in places of easy access. Furthermore, the toilet paper was to be moved, logically, to a storage area closer to the rest rooms. I slipped a paper clip on the memo and, chuckling, sent the order out.

An hour later I was called into Miles Arnold's office. Crowell was there, sitting on an office couch and wearing a big grin. I said suspiciously, "What's going on?"

Arnold had a solemn expression as he handed me a memo consisting of two sheets of paper. It rambled on for nearly a page before getting to the point. It said, "The box of toilet paper delivered early this morning to the third floor supply room was sent there by mistake. It should be taken to the first floor supply room next to the restrooms."

I stared at them. Crowell was grinning right up to his eyebrows and I failed to understand why. "I didn't send this," I said.

"I know," Arnold answered. "That was Harry Clayton's last memo. It mentions that the box of toilet paper in the third floor supply room had only been delivered there on the fatal morning."

Crowell added, "Your testimony shows that you hadn't been in that room for about two weeks before the murder and that you hadn't been able to enter since then. Once we arrived the room was sealed off and, after we left, Clayton's orders in that memo were carried out."

I was beginning to get a dull pain in the pit of my stomach and I was becoming a little embarrassed.

Arnold continued as if uninterrupted, "So you see, toilet paper was only in that supply room three days. You could not have known it was there unless you had been in that room just before or during the time Harry was murdered. That is a direct contradiction to your earlier statements."

Crowell said, "You killed him and we've got you."

What could I say? He was right and I knew it.

Crowell's eyebrows twitched happily as he continued, "We almost certainly wouldn't have caught this little mistake of yours if we hadn't been looking so closely. You almost had me convinced we had the wrong guy when we questioned you the other night. If only you hadn't been so smug." **G**

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SWAMP FEVER

Continued from page 28

pretended to pout and crawled across the bed on all fours, wiggling her plump ass bewitchingly.

I positioned myself over Debbie and gave her just a few inches. She writhed with pleasure and moaned.

"Fuck me, honey! Give me all of it! Give it to me, baby! She ground her cunt round and round.

I slammed all the way in and her big eyes rolled back in her head while her giant tits shook. I lay down on her.

"Aaaaaaahhhhhhh, yes!" she squealed.

As Debbie rocked her sultry bottom back and forth on my swollen joint, Sue got on her back, opened her legs wide and slid her pussy right up to my head. I wasted no time burying my face in her juicy cunt. My tongue found its mark and she groaned with pleasure.

"Ooooooooooooooh, lover. Do it! That feels so good! Eat me, baby! Eat me up!"

In no time at all, both girls began to climax. They screamed and moaned and dug at me with their long nails. They thrashed around so violently that I had to forcefully hold them both in place! I used my body weight on Debbie and grabbed Sue by her bulging tits to pin her down. The water bed rolled like ocean waves in a storm!

When I began to pump myself to a climax, Debbie stopped me. "Wait, lover," she said. "We have something special for you." I pulled out of her and rolled over. She got up on her knees and straddled me.

"Do you like our big tits? Do you think they're sexy?" She expanded her impressive chest and shook her shoulders so that her spectacular jugs danced and jiggled. She lifted one up to her sultry mouth and sensuously licked the stiffening nipple.

My cock was throbbing as never before. I assured her that I was madly in love with both hers and Sue's big jugs. I wasn't lying in the least!

Debbie slid down on me and, with her hands, pushed her two fabulous breasts together around my huge joint. I nearly came right then! I pulled a pillow under my head so that I could see her better.

Next, Sue straddled Debbie's back and sat on her big, soft ass. She announced in a breathy voice, "Just relax, sweet thing. You're gonna fuck Debbie's big titties while I put on a little

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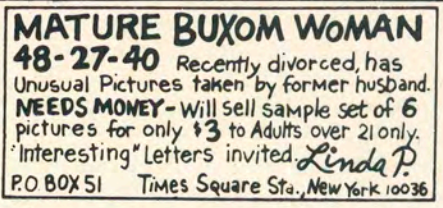
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show for you.”
 Debbie rubbed her soft knockers back and forth on my stiff cock while Sue posed for me. Sue stuck out her busty chest, put her arms behind her head and piled her hair up high. She pushed her big tits together and pouted, then lifted them up and licked them. She even put one in her mouth and sucked on the nipple! She went through every sexy pose that I'd ever seen in the girlie magazines. When I told her which ones I liked best, she did them again for me. She was incredible! And so beautiful!

I felt myself coming! The intensity was beyond belief. My cock throbbled uncontrollably as the come surged through. Debbie squeezed her tits tighter around my pulsating shaft and Sue squealed in delight.

“Shoot, baby! Shoot!” she cried as she fondled her luscious jugs. “We’re gonna make you come! Shoot! Shoot all over Debbie’s pretty tits!”

I fired spurt after spurt. Debbie’s huge breasts glistened with my juice. She giggled and rubbed it around and around. She reached down and rubbed some on her big knockers, also. She explained that it would make them grow! We all laughed.

We screwed countless more times during the afternoon and drank lots more beer. The girls could really pack it away. We tried every position and combination imaginable and some that weren’t. Sue and Debbie even put on a wild sex show for me as they got it on with each other. It was one hell of a party!

About six o’clock I decided that I’d better leave. Darkness would arrive soon and I still had to find my way out of the swamp. I had a business appointment the next morning that I couldn’t afford to miss, if I didn’t want to lose my job.

The girls begged me to stay, promising more exotic fun. I explained the situation with my job and agreed to come back as soon as I had another day off.

“Fuck your job,” Debbie said. “You can come out here and live with us. Just go into that goddamn office and tell ’em where they can shove it. Livin’ is almost free here in the swamp.”

I kissed them both passionately, climbed in the canoe and left. As I wound my way through the maze of hidden waterways, Debbie’s words rang in my ears. “Fuck your job . . . Fuck your job. Livin’ is almost free . . .” No! It just wasn’t practical. How would


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I make the alimony payments? But, on the other hand, how would anyone ever find me? I became excited by the possibility. I was flying high by the time I got to the Jeep.

Over the next few months, I saved as much money as I could and visited Sue and Debbie every chance I got. The bond between the three of us grew in intensity. We depended on each other for much more than sex. However, our little orgies became even more exciting with the passage of time. Neither Sue nor Debbie seemed to mind sharing me in the least.

I learned that the girls' production of artwork was prolific. However, much of it just piled up at the house. Neither girl knew much about marketing her work or getting contract jobs. I began moonlighting as their agent. I got lucky right away and landed a fat bank mural job in Miami. It paid nearly \$20,000 and took about two months to complete. We rented the bridal suite in a big hotel for part of the time. I'll never forget the three of us in that big, heart-shaped sunken tub!

Finally, I took Debbie's advice. I went into the office one morning, cleaning out my desk and packed everything into a large paper bag. I put a note on the bag which read, "Think it'll fit?" and left it on the boss's desk. I just walked out and never looked back. Barely six months after meeting Sue and Debbie my life was totally changed and so much better! Most of all, I felt free for the first time.

As far as the rest of the world knows, I just dropped out of sight. For all I know, my ex-wife is collecting my life insurance already. I don't give a damn.

Most days I fish and sometimes hunt, if I'm in the mood. I travel to the city about twice a month to keep the girls supplied with work. They don't mind ... they love to paint. That's their thing. Management is mine. I pick up the mail and supplies once a week and haven't missed electricity one little bit.

At night we light kerosene lanterns and listen to the night sounds. As I sit on the couch in the dim light, two warm, voluptuous bodies come to me, their lips seek mine and their hands explore my body. They tease me with their superb breasts. How shall we do it tonight? is the only pressing question. Those old Indians who insisted on remaining in the swamp must have known something after all.

**New
Girl**





Lila was so excited when she was picked for an appearance in GENT that she jumped up and down, causing her forty-inchers to bounce and jiggle and move like two balloons filled with Jello. She says that she has waited a long time for the big break and that this might just be it. "I wanted to model for a long time because I know that a lot of girls got their start that way," she says, "like Jayne Mansfield and Marilyn Monroe and others." What she's really interested in is breaking into the movies. "Of course, if I end up just being a famous D-cup model, that'll be all right too but I realize I'm not quite as "big" as the really big stars like Uschi and Candy, but I'm fresh and new and maybe that will count for something. Lila says she's going to take her first earnings and have her front teeth capped because her agent told her to. How did she get her teeth chipped? "Playing football," she tells us. "I was a real tomboy when I was young. I used to love to play with the boys until I reached the age of about sixteen and then they all wanted to play with me but what they wanted to play was *not* football or baseball . . ."





Lila was raised in Kansas, the wheat and corn growing state and from the looks of her, they aren't too bad in the melon growing industry either. Her measurements are 40-28-38 which just squeaks her into GENT as a genuine D-cupper, but aside from her measurements, she has a prime, perfect breasts . . . the kind you'd like to snuggle up to on a cold Kansas night when the wind is howling outside and the snow is falling in the fields. Except Lila isn't in Kansas anymore. Like Dorothy in the Wizard of Oz, she's off like a tornado seeking the Emerald City of show biz. We're glad to help her on her way and although we want to see her again in GENT, she'd look great on the screen.





A Pair Of Turn-Ons!

TIT CHAT

Continued from page 14



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women in the world's remote regions, the breasts are usually extremely pendulous, hanging flat and low on the abdomen. Could this be the result of going braless all one's life? If so, history's heroines must have been a droopy lot.

But whereas bras were first introduced as just covers for the female's upper torso, it's obvious that they are a lot more than that now. From the letters about them in this magazine, to the sexy ads in *Seventeen*, *Glamour* and other women's magazines, brassieres in all their various designs and colors are an important part of any female's wardrobe. After all, there will be that moment while undressing for sex when her lover will view her in just her bra and panties... Or those moments in the locker room before and after Phys. Ed. when a schoolgirl's peers size up her body. Of course she wants to look as good as she can at these times and as a result women make a special effort to choose styles which flatter their figures.

And if you have a budding young daughter around 11 or 12-years-old, you know that the buying of the first brassiere is an emotional experience. Psychologists say that girls should be allowed to wear brassieres even before they begin to develop if their friends are already wearing them. Peer pressure at this age is a strong force and if wearing falsies for a year or two helps the youngster's ego, that's what they're made for.

Some women are surprised to learn of their husband's or boyfriend's fascination with brassieres, but other women, well aware of the sex appeal of their underthings, use them to heighten the eroticism of their sexual encounters. They might do this by casually, or sometimes overtly, letting their lovers view them in just their bra and panties, or by wearing them to bed as a part of foreplay. Then she may give her partner the pleasure of unsnapping her, finally allowing him to feast on the meat of the matter. **G**

The Homewreckers

Married and contemplating an affair with a single woman? Be aware that she will have you by the balls and most likely will have little sympathy for your marital problems.

Article by Mikki Pearson

Marriage used to be sacred, but now instead of being a detriment to women trying to get a man, his wedding ring seems to be an enticement. I don't know what's happened!" Several women are sitting in a cocktail lounge discussing the latest twists to marital infidelity. "I think that it's called shitting on a sister," says one of them who is into women's liberation. "I mean, I thought that all this competition was out, that women didn't fight over men anymore." The other women quickly set her straight. "It's an art, a sport," says another. "They jump into seducing a man away from his wife and once they've got him they dump him because the thrill is gone. They're homewreckers!"

Much to the dismay of his wife and to the delight of many a married man is the realization that he's not over the hill, but, instead, a prime choice for any number of women, most of them single. You'd think that far from loafing in a bed of roses, being a mistress to a married man means wearing a crown of thorns. After all, the man does have certain obligations to his spouse. His time with his lover is limited. Usually he can't spend the night or take her out in public. He isn't there when she needs him. One mistress has described it as having the frosting without the cake. Surprisingly enough, that's precisely what some women want.

Joyce is a twenty year old typist who works at a medium-sized insurance firm. She's the type of flaming red haired beauty that any man would look at twice and even three times, but her green eyes show a trace of bitterness as she describes her love life. "I went steady with this guy through high school and he was the only man I'd ever loved. After graduation we got engaged, but in the fall he went off to college and I stayed here and went to business school. Well, he strung me along for a year and then finally confessed that he'd out grown me and had been dating lots of other women. He was in love with somebody else. I guess it wouldn't have been so hard on me if I hadn't been faithful to him all that time. The whole experience of him dumping on me left me hurt and terribly angry at him and men in general.

"My first married man approached me here at work. He was looking for a little something on the side and I provided it for him. I found out that I liked being a mistress. I didn't have to pay attention to his emotional needs very much. The times I slept with him were few and far between. There just weren't any of the hassles of having a meaningful relationship. Both of us were in it

purely for sex.

She smiles. "For the first time in my life I had power over a man. See, he couldn't do anything to hurt me, but I could always call his wife and mess up his life but good! I've never done anything like that, but I have threatened to do it plenty of times. Men appreciate a woman who has power. If they know you call the shots, they'll give you more presents and treat you better in the bedroom. Most of my affairs don't last too long; I see to that, but you should see all of the neat, expensive stuff in my apartment.

"Right now, I'm involved with a guy I met at a bar, an accountant with quite a bit of money and, he claims, a frigid wife. He's getting too serious, to the point of falling in love with me. I'll have to get rid of him pretty quick. One of these days I'll threaten to call his wife and he'll tell me to go ahead, that he wants to marry me. I can't have that happen." She shrugs her shoulders. "I don't want to get that close to men. They're all a bunch of turds."

I ask her if she feels the least bit guilty about what she may be doing to a man's wife. "Hell no! Wives are stupid and they don't know the score. All married men play around. All of them. Since her husband's going to do it anyway, she's better off with having me in the picture. All I want is the loan of his cock and some of his money. I don't put any emotional or other claims on him. Married men are out there all of the time putting the moves on young and single women. What if the wife finds out? Well, I guess she'll wise up to the ways of the world. She'll learn not to trust men and she'll be a better person for it!"

It is true that according to recent surveys, more men fool around than women. But even though two thirds of married men have an affair under their belts, not all men are out to get a piece on the side all of the time. Neither do all single women who seek out married men do so in order to use men and have power over them.

Dee is a divorced forty year old brunette who doesn't look a day over thirty. She limits her contacts exclusively to married men, but forsees the day when she'll be looking for a man who is free to have a deeper relationship with her than an affair. She is candid about her motives as she leans forward in her chair.

"I'd been married for a long time, washed the guy's socks, had his children and raised them. It was time to have fun. I have money, not a lot of it, but the divorce settlement gave me quite a bit to play with. At my age, I

guess you get sensitive to the possibility of men wanting you for your money. Then there was the other part of it; I didn't want to end up falling in love and washing somebody else's dirty socks again. Not for a while!

"In the beginning I had sex with the husbands of friends." She throws her head back and laughs. "I tired pretty quickly of living dangerously. A person has to possess a few scruples. Oh, I met some single men in bars, but they didn't interest me. Married men tend to be better lovers and they're, well, more domesticated. They're used to being around a woman and I think they understand a woman better than a man who has never been married.

"Maybe a few people enter into affairs with illusions

"Married men tend to be better lovers because they are used to being around women and understand them better than a man who has never been married."

of permanency, but I think that the majority of adulterers are more realistic. I think that men who have affairs are looking for sex and fun, not getting into the messy business of a divorce and then starting all over again with another woman. I'm looking for sex and pleasure, too. A light touch is important in my love life. I avoid heavy scenes like the plague.

"Know thyself is a motto worth remembering. I do know myself. I know that I fall in love easily. Probably if I hadn't limited myself to married and all of the ques-



"Care to see the 20th?"

tions about breaking up a guy's family, I'd have fallen in love with some real bozos and wound up in trouble. But now the whole trauma of the divorce has worn off and I could get into something heavier in the future. But right now if I had my choice between two men who were about equal and one of them was married and the other single or divorced, I'd take the married man in a minute. That's just where my head is at."

Even when, as in Dee's case, the two partners in the affair don't make any indiscreet moves and try to guard their secrecy, many times the truth does leak out and often the consequences aren't pleasant. "I never thought I'd be faced with a choice," says Alan when he talks about his affair and subsequent discovery about a year ago. "That's why I fooled around in the first place. I didn't want to have to decide whether or not to get a divorce. I thought I could have my cake and eat it too but things didn't turn out that way. Initially I was on cloud nine, but then I got to feeling spread too thin and it was nerveracking. My wife put two and two together. She and my mistress got to talking and before I knew it, both of them had my nuts in a vise.

"When everything is collapsing around your ears you realize that sometimes a roll in the hay has a pretty high price."

"Affairs may start out casually, but as time goes on they're bound to grow in intensity. When everything is collapsing around your ears you realize that sometimes a roll in the hay has a pretty high price. The woman may say she doesn't want to get involved, but it's been my experience that mistresses become more and more demanding. Because they can hold snitching on you to your wife over your head, they get everything they want.

"I'm not talking about women who just happen to get into something with a guy who's married, I'm talking about the women who plan on those relationships happening. I think that a good many of them are selfish vampires. They just can't get along unless they suck the blood out of another relationship. The woman I was having the affair with dumped me the week after I got my divorce in order to marry her. She said that all the challenge had gone out of it and she was bored. I guess I'm still bitter."

With the new trend of women working at not merely jobs, but careers, many women plan on marrying later. They invest as much energy into getting ahead as does a man. Quite a few of these women don't want to form relationships that might take too much of their attention from their work. Karen, an educational administrator in her thirties, is one of them.

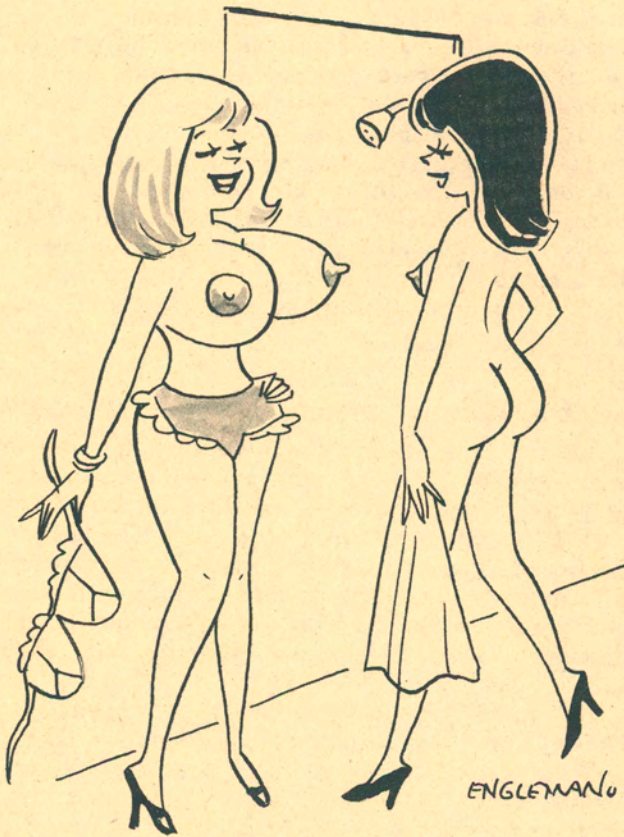
"When I'm seeing a married man, I certainly don't have to worry about him putting demands on my time," she says. "If he did that, then I'd have a right to do the

TIT-TOONS

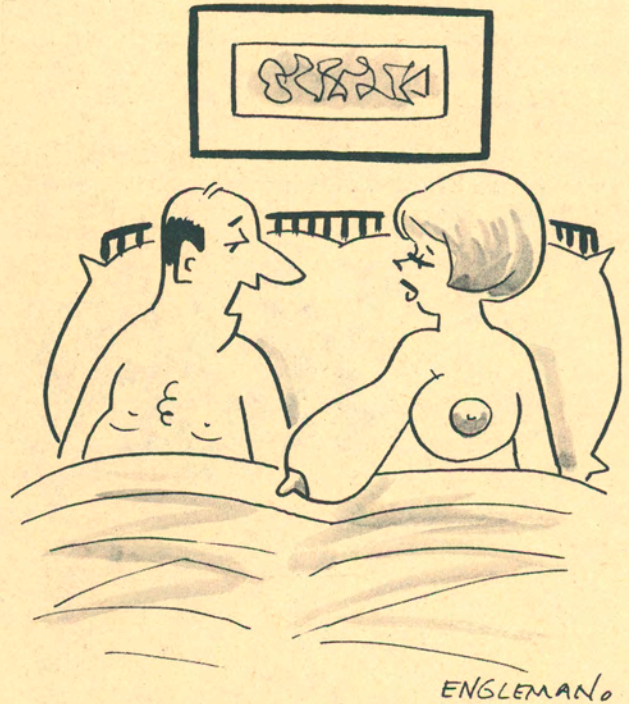
BY EARL ENGLEMAN



"That's not what I meant when I said,
'I'm here to check on your tips.'"



"I didn't say 'mother him...'
I said he wanted me to 'smother him!'"



"It's our tenth anniversary...
Let's swap sides of the bed."

same and he wants to avoid that at all costs.”

“I simply don’t have the time or the inclination to live with a man and certainly not to marry one, not now. I’m at a point in my life where I work twelve hour days and bring work home with me. I find it totally absorbing, but I *am* human and I need some sex and affection. The man I’m involved with sees me two times a week, no more and no less. I can count on that and I don’t have to put a lot of effort into hustling up men in order to have sex. I’ve already written it into my schedule.

“He’s happily married with no thought of leaving his wife and I wouldn’t have it any other way. He is my security blanket. I don’t have to worry that he’ll begin calling me when he’s not supposed to or wanting to come see me more often. When we are together, our sex life is beautiful.

“I like living alone. I need my own space and don’t want somebody coming in and invading my privacy. All this may sound cold and calculating, but it works for me. I’ve thought about it and maybe, when I’ve arrived where I want to be in my field, I’ll be ready to settle down with a man and afford the luxury of falling in love. Now I can’t. People have a tendency to feel sorry for either the wife or the other woman, but I don’t think either feeling is valid.

“I’m getting exactly what I want. My man is getting what he wants and any woman would have to be a complete egomaniac to think that she, as a wife, could totally fulfill her husband’s needs. Actually, the wife,

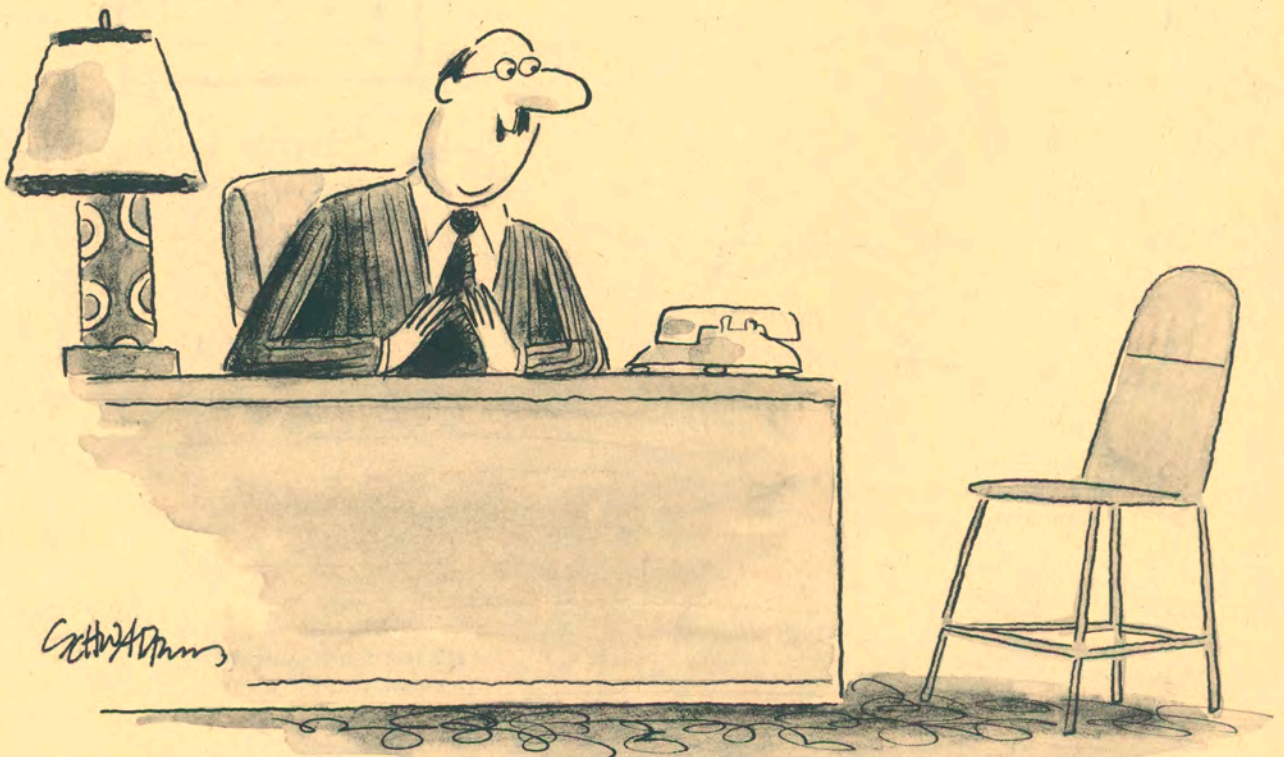
even though she doesn’t know it, gets pressure taken off her. Her husband isn’t always after her to have sex. She has time to devote herself to other things.

“There’s also the thrill of doing something secret and

“...a wife would have to be a complete egomaniac to think that she, as a wife, could totally fulfill her husband’s needs.”

that society says is forbidden. I truly believe that I have more intense orgasms because of that. After the experiences I’ve had, a single man would be pretty hard pressed to excite me.”

Love them or hate them, you can’t deny that there *are* women who will pass by single men in favor of their married brothers any day. Whether they do it out of practical considerations, the desire to remain unattached and uncommitted or to hold power over a man, they *do* do it. Far from the popular stereotype, most of them don’t break up relationships in order to marry the man they’ve been sleeping with. As long as women like this existence, they will be the dismay of married women everywhere ... and the delight of married men. **G**



“Did we have a romantic involvement last evening, Miss Hasselblat, or am I dreaming?”

**More Bounce
to the Ounce**






Bouncing Betty is a bit on the chubby side but she says she loves her Rubenesque figure. "The streets and bars are full of tall skinny gals," she says, "and I've always been different. And honey, when I walk into a singles bar, I get a lot of attention. Guys might like to look at all of those thin, svelte model types, but when they see me they immediately think of comfort and warmth and something to really get their hands on. I have no problem at all getting all the guys I want. Of course, I'm not really fast and I'm not easy and I haven't really been around that much. I had one steady boyfriend for a long time . . . so long that I finally had his name tattooed on my arm — I told you I was different — but now he's split and I'm stuck with the tattoo. I'll either have it removed or find another boyfriend with the same name. Back in the days when I got the tattoo, I was being kind of wild and rebellious . . . which happens when you've had a really sheltered childhood. I've settled down now and am seriously looking for the right man who wants a fat girl to make him happy." If you're into statistics, Betty says her measurements are 48-38-40. That is a lot of woman and is going to take a guy with a lot of stamina and an old-fashioned appreciation for girls who look like the girls of yesterday when the bigger they were, the more there was to love. But we're sure, like Betty says, that there are a lot of guys who go for gals who have more to offer than bones. The famous Flemish Painter Peter Paul Rubens knew what men liked . . . and fat girls made him famous.



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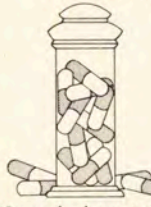
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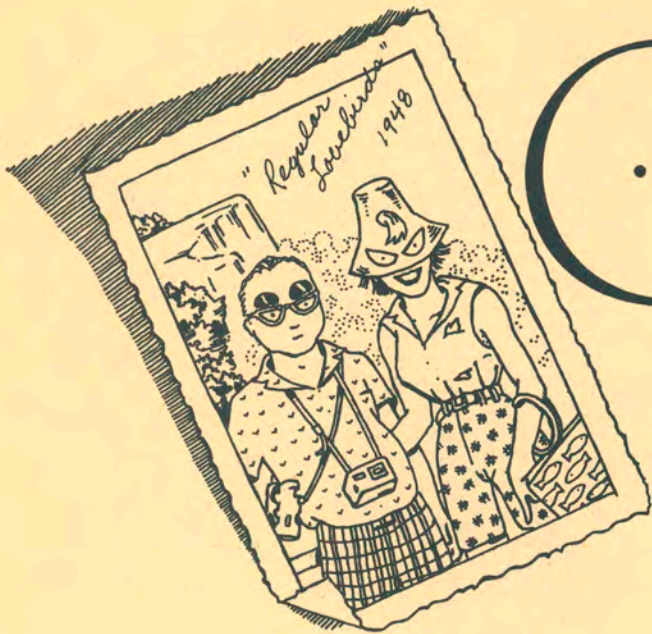
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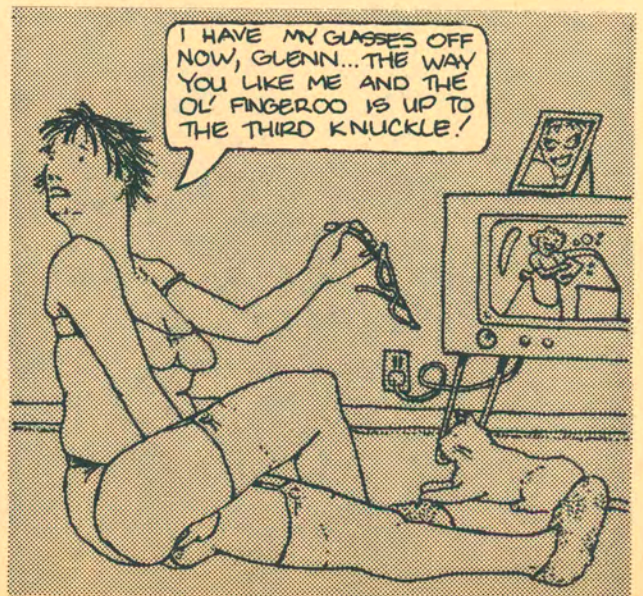
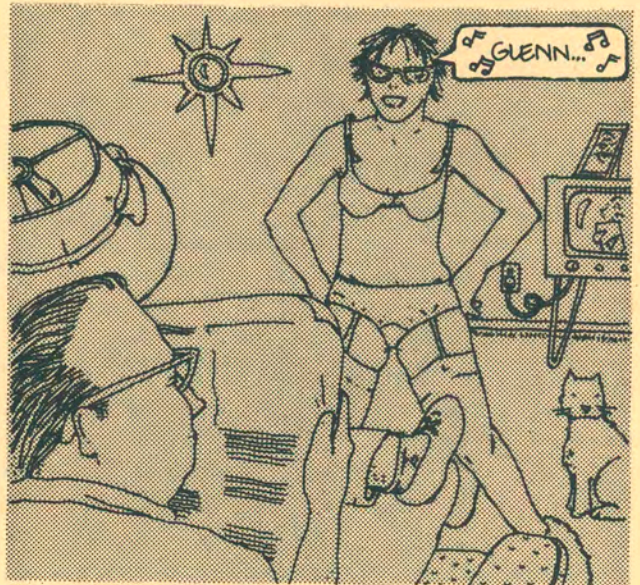
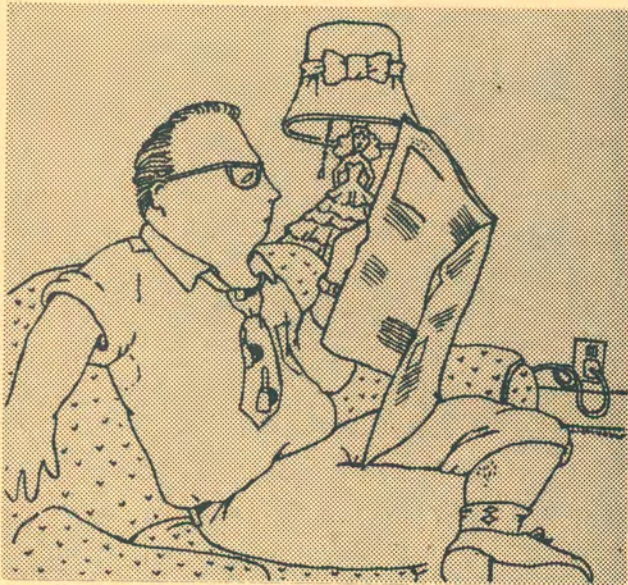


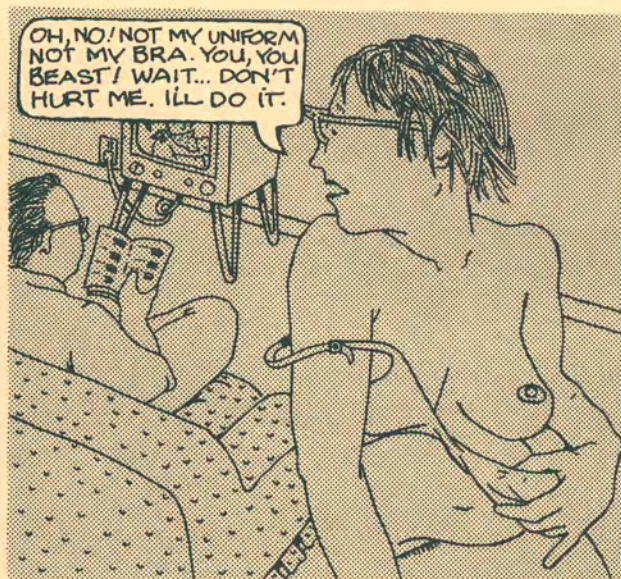
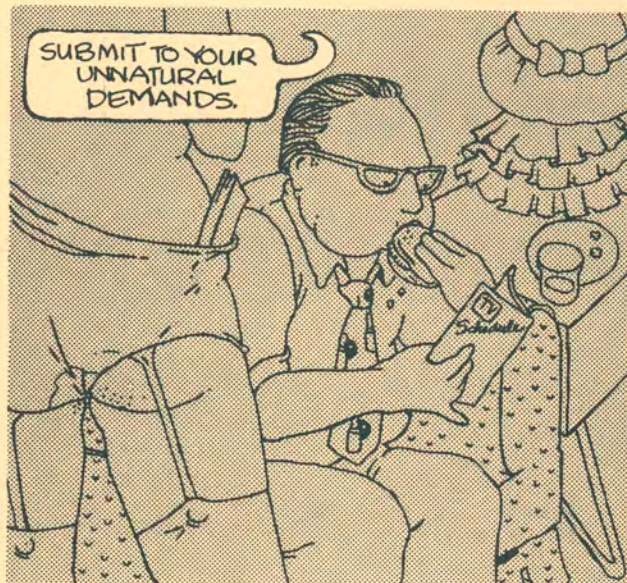
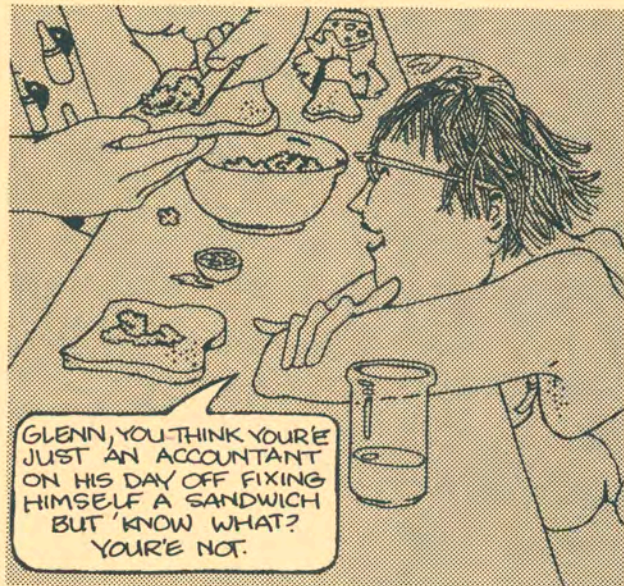
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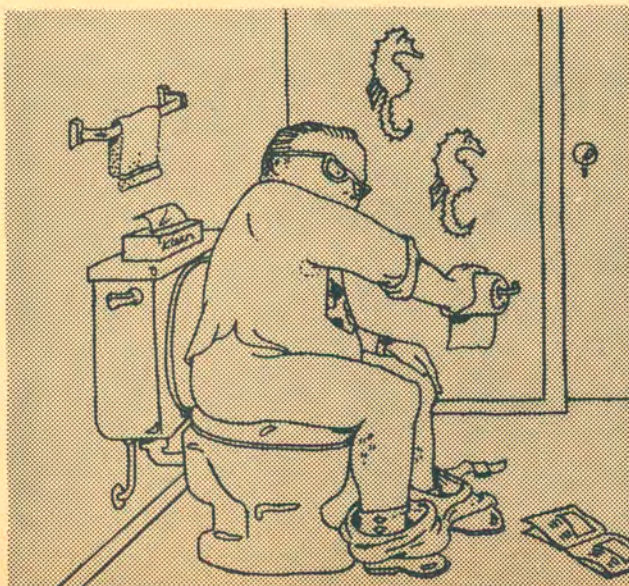
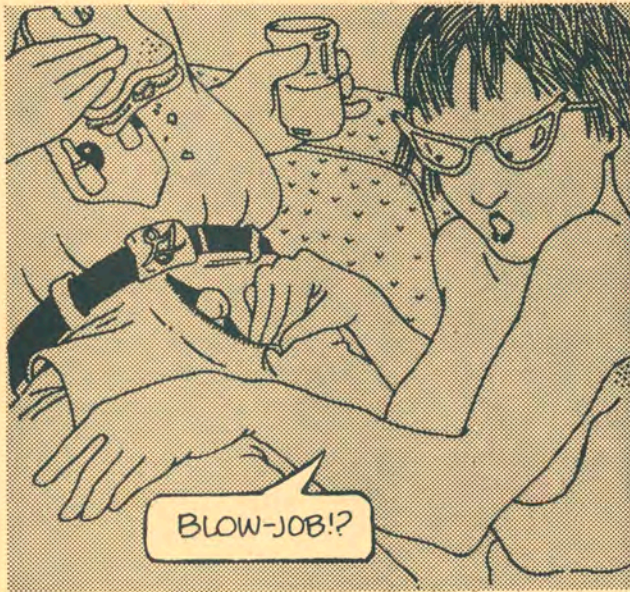
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